Week ending March 22 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

Report on a personal investigation of spiritualism

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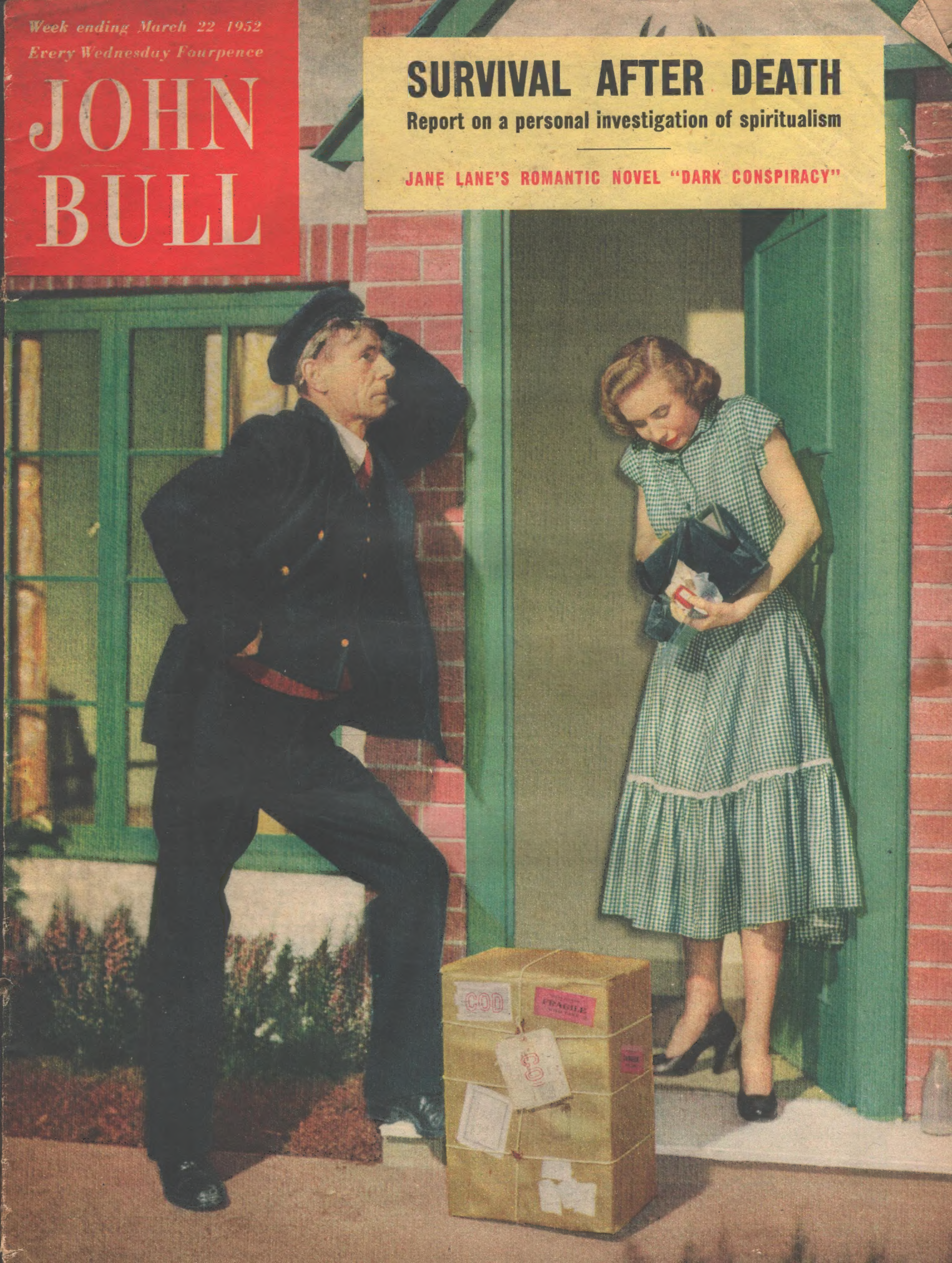

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Be firm . . . but friendly . . . with a

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Thank heavens I had some Elastoplast *in the house!*

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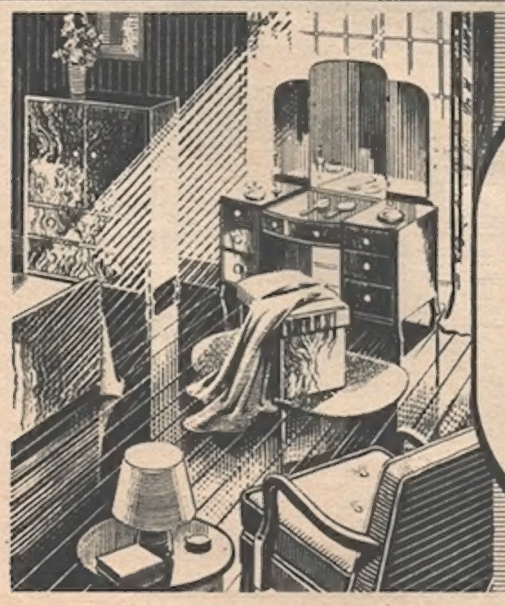

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Jobs that mean food

"HOW'RE YOU GOIN' to keep 'em, down on the farm?" So went the song, and if you leave out the comma, it is a song of today.

For, just at the moment when the loudest call in history is being made for food from the farms, the number of men to grow it is dwindling.

Between June and December of last year, the total of whole-time workers on our farms had declined by more than 20,000; there were 554,000 in June, 532,000 in December. If casual workers are included, the drop is seen to be twice as big—from 708,000 in June to 662,000 in December. Some of this decline in manpower is, of course, due to increased mechanization.

EVEN SO, this is a very bad sign after the good progress made since the war in stopping the "flight from the land."

It means that the present inducements offered to trained farmworkers and to young men who might become farmworkers are not enough. If they were, the attractions of farm work would prevail over those of other industries and the recruits would come in.

What are the inducements? Wages trebled since the war. Priority in new housing—though this is hardly keeping pace with the dilapidation of old cottages, let alone making room for more families in agriculture. Better rural transport and amenities, so that countryfolk can share more of the modern pleasures of townsfolk.

OF these three main inducements, housing is probably the biggest—if it can be supplied.

The other two inducements will never be enough to hold in the country a man who hates country life, or a man whose wife hates it.

But the prospect of a good new home—even a tied cottage—is the greatest consideration which today governs most people's major decisions about their lives.

So it seems that the priority on new homes already given to miners and farm workers may have to be reinforced by measures to build these homes more rapidly and make them more attractive.

ANOTHER privilege, which was removed last year, may have to be restored. This was exemption from call-up of the industry's young men. So-called "blanket deferment" used to mean that agriculture was excused from contributing to the Forces 15,000 men every year—and with a two-year period of service that meant 30,000 men at a time.

What is needed is a revival of the system whereby county agricultural committees acted as tribunals and after investigation recommended exemption from military service of certain specific classes of key workers.

Some revision of the call-up to benefit agriculture will have to be done sooner or later. Why not now?

NOT only the Forces, but the arms factories are draining young men from the farms.

Nobody suggests that a youth can go straight from the byre to the bench—but he can and too often does choose to forsake the country for the town and train as an engineer instead of remaining on the farm where he was bred.

Mechanized farming, although it saves labour, has, by giving boys a taste for machinery, increased the tendency for them to be lured away from the land.

TO counter the magnets in the towns, greater magnets have got to be provided in the country. For we can't contemplate calmly the prospect of real labour shortage on the farms.

Food production is going to be increasingly important—and in the thin years to come Britain must grow more and more, not less and less, of her own food.

Always the men must be there to do it in increasing numbers. A real manpower programme for agriculture must be worked out now—before it is too late.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

JOHN DIXON, an admirer of John Bull covers, has long wanted to prove that he can do with his camera what the artists do with their brushes and easels. This week's cover is the result. A professional photographer specializing in colour work, John saw this incident outside a suburban house and reproduced it in his studio, with Windmill girl, Margot Holden as the housewife. Waterloo Station did the labelling of the "C.O.D." parcel.

I need-a Creda

Save electricity with a new Creda 'economy' cooker *and* enjoy the luxury of perfect cooking. Get rid of that old fuel wasting cooker NOW

Your electrical supplier will be able to give you quick delivery of a suitable model made by the House of Simplex

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Fight Mouth Acid & save your teeth

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're 40? Dentists say this is largely due to mouth-acid and advise 'Milk of Magnesia'* as the most effective way to dispel it.

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

March 22, 1952 VOL. 91 No. 2386 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

No one has room for a child

I AM SEPARATED from my husband, which means that I must keep my job. I am going to have a baby next June and, although I know that it will be a struggle, I desperately want to keep my child with me after it is born.

But, unless I can find somewhere to live, it seems that I shall have to part with him (or her). All I want is one room, a roof over our heads. I shall have to work all day and baby will have to go to a nursery. We need only somewhere to be together at night and at weekends. I have answered dozens of advertisements, but I am always told that no rooms are to let to people with children. Because of this hard-heartedness, it looks as though my child will be taken from me.—MRS. J. C., London.

The Height Of Trouble

NOT ENOUGH THOUGHT is given to the comfort of tall people. I am sixteen and my height is six feet. If I go inside

a bus, I cannot stand upright—either the ceiling should be raised to six feet or there should be a groove to take tall people's heads. If I go on top, I have to crawl to reach a vacant seat. Shopkeepers make a nuisance of themselves by leaving chains hanging from six-feet-high sun blinds. And at football grounds the crush barriers need to be raised another six inches, otherwise they are useless for tall people.—WILLIAM S. BOLL, 1 Rydal Close, Padiham, Lancs.

This Blessed Isle

MANY PEOPLE COMPLAIN about Britain, but they do not realize how lucky they are to live in such a country. My father brought us all over from India for a six months' visit in 1947, to get away from the rioting there. We lived in Blackpool, and when it was time to return no one wanted to go back. So we stayed. My father lost a good job and we children lost a good education. But it was worth it.—J. H. MILNES, 35 Coppice Street, Oldham, Lancs.

Clothes Mystery

I HAVE THREE CHILDREN, a girl of thirteen and two boys (six and two). I have been comparing the prices of some of my purchases during the last six months. A girl's gym tunic cost £2 15s. 6d., but a good quality skirt for myself was £2 5s. Boys' socks cost 7s. 3d., but men's socks of the same make were 7s. 2d. A girl's plain school blouse was £1 4s., compared with a crêpe blouse with fancy stitching for myself at a guinea. A jumper for myself cost £1 1s., but a cardigan for my daughter was £1 10s. I bought a school summer dress for £2 5s., but a rayon linen dress for myself for £1 19s. 11d. What is wrong with the prices of children's clothing?—MRS. B. SUMMERS, Abbots Croft, Mammersley Lane, Penn, Bucks.

English For Courtesy

TRAVELLING FREQUENTLY BY AIR between London and Amsterdam, I notice that Dutch air hostesses are very polite and obliging, until they ask if I would like a newspaper. As I speak Dutch fluently, I usually choose a Dutch paper as a sort of refresher course and, as soon as they see me reading in their own language, their attitude cools off into a friendly kind of indifference. The same thing happens after landing, when the courtesy of hotel and restaurant staffs diminishes perceptibly as soon as I change from English and speak in their own language.—MRS. CHARLOTTE HOFFER, 14 Shirehall Park, London, N.W.4.

Joy With The Mail

ON MY SON'S BIRTHDAY, we watched the postman come along the street with a batch of cards for him. To our surprise, instead of putting the cards through the letter box, the postman knocked on the door and wished the boy a happy birthday. It was such a nice gesture—one of those little things that mean so much. — MRS. FLOOK, 33 Devonia Gardens, London, N.18.

Last Word To "Basher"

RUSSELL BRADDON'S *The Naked Island* brought back to me a grimly amusing memory of the day the Australians left Kuala Lumpur for Singapore. As they went by the car park, I was in a party working under the supervision of a particularly evil Japanese character nicknamed "The Basher," and well known for his cruelty to all car park working parties from Pudu Jail. For once, the Australians had him licked, and as they passed by they told him very effectively what they thought of him. For obvious reasons, we could not show our appreciation, but I think that day he broke his own cruelty record on me, seeming to think that a little very often would be the best way of livening me up. — CHARLIE RYAN, 41 Union Street, Mansfield, Notts.

. . . Ronald Searle's drawing of Padre Noel Duckworth trading a pen to a Japanese sentry (JOHN BULL, March 1) was a masterpiece. Old hands will not have failed to notice the sentry's cloven hoof. I never got a chance to try on a pair of Jap boots, with their special compartment for the big toe. But I often wondered whether they were more comfortable than ours. —G. R., London, W.5.

. . . Padre Noel Duckworth is my uncle. He never mentions the hardships he endured, but I am very proud to be his nephew.—P. J. DUCKWORTH, The Vicarage, Hayton, York.

. . . After the war, my son went up to Cambridge and became a close friend of Padre Duckworth. Through him, we got a very brief glimpse of what the padre had been through. Like most heroes, he was very reticent about it and, though the story makes grim reading, it is a fitting tribute to such gallant men.—MRS. B. WILSON, 31 New Park Street, Morley, Leeds.

. . . Having been interned in most of the camps mentioned by Russell Braddon, I can vouch for the accuracy and authenticity of his story. He graciously dedicates his book to "the Britisher's capacity for living fearlessly and gently." May I return the compliment by recording that the Australians were a pretty grand bunch themselves, and that their courage, resource and perpetual good cheer under those frightful conditions will never be forgotten by those of us who went through it all with them and lived to tell the tale.—ERNEST H. JAKINS, 7 Garden Villas, Cheshunt, Herts.

. . . On their way home after the war, many of the prisoners who had been in Jap hands were sent to the depot set up at Ataka on the Gulf of Suez to be given fresh outfits and toilet necessities. In an aircraft hangar, we organized a lounge, cafeteria and children's playground, complete with sandpits and swings, and many of the prisoners were overcome by the contrast with previous years. I was one of a few Service girls helping with the women and children who had been interned, and I shall never forget it. If no other part of my life has been worth while, that was. — MRS. ANNE GOOD, 18 Norris Bank Terrace, Heaton Norris, Stockport, Cheshire.

"My Bitter Lesson In Jap Chivalry," by Russell Braddon, starts on page 13.

Cure For Boredom

ALL MY LIFE I have periodically rearranged our furniture — bedrooms back to front one week, lounge entirely changed another, then the dining-room

turned completely round. Friends laugh at me, but it is one of the best ways for a housewife to avoid boredom.—MRS. WINNIE WHITAKER, Skircoat, 130 Brunshaw Road, Burnley, Lancs.

Too Many Intellectuals?

BY TAKING UNSKILLED WORK in a factory, I earn double the money I received in a scientific post, which demanded matriculation and further study to intermediate B.Sc. standard. A friend recently gave up her job as a trained hairdresser in favour of factory work, where she earns more money in fewer hours. Another friend, with a university degree, has been unable to find employment and, in desperation, is taking a shorthand-typist's course. Are we being educated to the point at which we have too many intellectuals and too few manual workers?—MRS. M. A., Herts.

Call Across The Ocean

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED a telephone call from my married daughter in Vancouver, Canada. There was a smooth link-up and the line was clear. The call was for three minutes at the special reduced rate for calls on Sundays. Details were arranged by the sender and we were notified to be available to receive the call at a certain time. But if we forget and exceed our time, it costs four dollars a minute. —WALTER C. MILLER, 21 Prior Street, London, S.E.10.

Cooking By Paraffin

HERE IN EGYPT, the wives of British Servicemen living in married quarters cook their meals in paraffin stoves. Many of them think that this type of oven is as good as any other and, though it is inclined to be smoky at times, a chimney installed above soon solves that problem. Would this be a way of saving gas and electricity at home?—AIRCRAFTMAN, M.E.A.F., Egypt.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

IN THE

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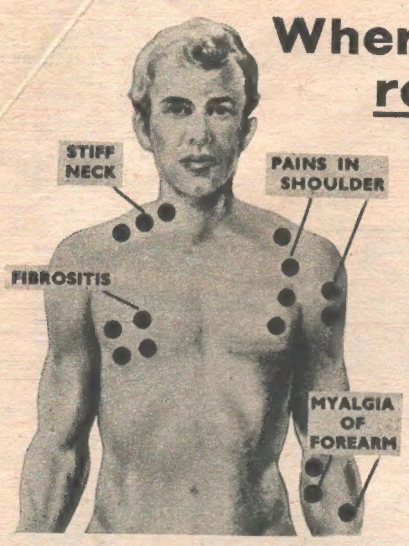


Where is the root of your Rheumatism?

HERE IS NEWS for Rheumatic Sufferers! A new treatment for the relief of pain has been discovered!

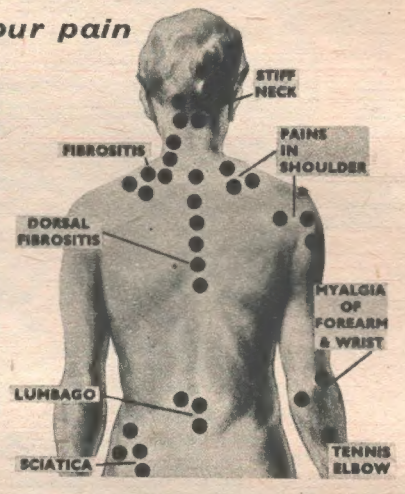
Its secret is to apply a new massage cream, not only where you feel the pain, but also on what Doctors call the myalgic, or "trigger," spots, which are often some distance away.

One Harley Street doctor, a little while ago, reported remarkable results with this cream in over 1,000 cases of all forms of Rheumatism, including Fibrositis, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. It has been tested and used by Hospitals and Doctors all over the country.

How to get relief from your pain

This same cream is now available for your own use at home under the name of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream. All you have to do to secure relief from your pain is to rub in this cream, not only where you feel the pain but also in the "trigger" spots, as explained and illustrated in the leaflet enclosed with every jar of the genuine Lloyd's. It is most important to follow these instructions. Otherwise you will fail to secure the full benefit.

The genuine Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream can be obtained from any good chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, at 5/- & 7/- a jar. Get some today and prove for yourself how rapidly it brings relief.



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It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

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IT'S A JEYES' PRODUCT

Pilot Morrison answers the black and yellow flag

by ***KEITH ELLIS***

Pilot boat No. 2 "on station"

The man who knows every rock, wreck, sandbank and light in three thousand square miles of the tricky Mersey Estuary has a motto: "Instinct serves where knowledge fails"

THE TANKER APPROACHED THE entrance to the River Mersey just before 7 p.m. on the ebb tide, and it seemed to Pilot Norman Morrison, standing with the captain on the bridge, that it was one of the clearest nights he had ever known. The Northern Lights weaved and flickered and danced like a thousand searchlights out of control. Catching the reflection, the sea glowed with an eerie blue phosphorescence. It was so calm that Morrison could hear beneath him the rippling of the water as the ship ploughed home.

Around seven o'clock, they passed the Bar light vessel, whose three white flashes every half minute Morrison had seen for miles. Soon they entered the channel marked on each side with buoys, and for most of the awkward, curved section from Formby to Crosby, which narrows to 900 feet in places, Morrison had perfect visibility. Then, suddenly, as they approached Crosby light float, fog closed down.

Immediately, Morrison rang "Slow" on the engine-room telegraph and asked the master to order double watches. Setting the pointer of the dial on his portable radio to position one, he pressed a button on the hand microphone and heard in his headphone the sound of a bell ringing in the port radar station at Liverpool. An officer picked up the radio telephone and Morrison said: "Calling Port Radar."

"Port Radar replying."

"I have just passed Crosby light float, am proceeding up-channel and have run into fog. Please identify me on your screen."

The radar officer glanced at the radar panels in front of him, which resembled six television sets arranged in a semicircle, each screen covering a different section of the approaches to the port. "You are 2,000 feet off Burbo buoy. Four ships are anchored in the channel ahead, two of them close together near-by, the others separate and farther on."

With the telegraph set alternately at "Slow" and "Stop," the ship's whistle blowing at frequent intervals, Morrison nudged the ship along. Soon he could make out the anchor lights

Standing on the bridge with the captain (left), Morrison pilots the s.s. *Memling* up the Mersey

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

of the vessels ahead, and crept slowly past them. "You are now making a course parallel with the buoys in the channel," said Port Radar. "An outward-bound vessel has just passed Buoy 22 a mile ahead on the opposite side of the channel."

Again Morrison strained his eyes. By now the fog was clearing. Finally, he made out the dim navigating lights of a vessel, blew his whistle and crawled past, his vessel barely making headway against the tide. Then, just as suddenly as he had entered it, he was out of the fog. A few minutes later he anchored safely off the Gladstone Dock, which he was due to enter on the next flood.

Based On Confidence

So ended one of the estimated 15,000 acts of pilotage performed each year by the 155 pilots of the Liverpool Pilotage Service. Night or day, in any weather, they join Mersey-bound ships to guide them over the Bar, into the channel and up the river to the dock gate. "This business is based on the skipper's confidence in his pilot," says Morrison. "If the skipper sees him consulting a book every few minutes, he soon loses confidence. A pilot must know his area as a bishop is supposed to know his Bible."

In the 3,000 square miles of the Liverpool pilotage area, Morrison must know the depth of water everywhere in close detail at all states of the tide. He must know the channels and dock entrances. He must know every rock, wreck and sandbank. There are about 140 important buoys and lights he must be able to recognize by their shape, colour and flash. As well as being able to pilot any vessel of any size in the area, he must be expert in manoeuvring the tugs by sound signals while docking.

When the master of an inward-bound ship passes Lynas Point, he sees a compact, single-funnelled ship of about 500 tons gross at anchor or stemming the tide. A large red-and-white pilot flag flies at her masthead, and the words "Liverpool Pilot" extend in large white capital letters half the length of the ship on each side. There are four pilot boats. One is "on station" at the Bar, another at Lynas Point. A third acts as a tender, taking pilots each day to the two boats on station, and the fourth stays in dock. Every few days, the boats change positions.

Boarding Can Be Tricky

As soon as the master of an incoming vessel has signalled his requirements by Aldis lamp, a small motor-launch is lowered from the pilot boat to take the waiting pilot across. Boarding vessels in all kinds of weather is the most dangerous part of his work. A few years ago a Liverpool pilot was killed while attempting to board. Usually Morrison, at forty-six a trifle rotund, has to swarm up a rope ladder dangling over the side; reaching the bottom rung of this in a rough sea, when the launch is tossing and the ship rolling heavily, can be pretty tricky.

Morrison considers himself lucky that he has had only one dipping—and that as an apprentice. With another oarsman and a cox, he helped to row a boat from the Bar pilot boat to take a pilot off an outward-bound liner which had hove to in a heavy sea. Approaching on the lee side, they had safely taken off the pilot when a small ferryboat, also taking advantage of the lee, heaved towards them. The ferryboat had a two-foot wide belt running right round her; as she came alongside she rolled violently and tipped over the rowing-boat.

"It was about twenty minutes before the pilot boat picked us up," says Morrison. "But after changing our clothes, we went straight back to work."

When a severe northerly gale sets in, pilots of outward-bound ships have no choice but to stay aboard, disembarking when possible at another U.K. port or at Dunmore, in south-east Ireland. Occasionally, pilots equipped with only toothbrush and pyjamas have been taken as far

Morrison (right) watches two trainees at work. Apprenticeship is rigorous

as Teneriffe in the Canary Isles, and even across the Atlantic. "It was difficult during the war," says a pilotage official. "Pilots couldn't get off in Eire and, since wives knew which ships their husbands were piloting, we couldn't tell them where they were going for security reasons."

Often pilots travel by rail to pick up Mersey-bound ships at Plymouth or Glasgow. "It's well worth the owners' while to pay our train fare," says Morrison. "If the ship misses a tide by failing to pick up the pilot because of bad weather off Lynas, the delay may cost them hundreds of pounds."

After greeting the captain, Morrison's first action on boarding a ship is to ask for the draught and whether she has called at an infected port during the previous six weeks. If she has, he orders the alphabetical flags "LIM" or, at night, a red light over a white, to be displayed. After telling the port medical authority by radio, he informs the captain that no one must leave the ship until she has been cleared by a port medical officer.

He next sees that a pennant indicating that a pilot is on board is substituted for the yellow and black flag which means "pilot wanted." From then on, he stays on the bridge or wheelhouse until the ship is safely in dock. One of the main difficulties in navigating a ship up the Mersey is the state of the tide. It is fast and powerful, because the river narrows sharply towards the mouth and falls something like thirty feet from high to low water at floods. "Seismographs at Bidston Observatory show that the whole of the Wirral Peninsula bends slightly at low water," says Morrison.

Propeller Dropped Off

Once, when Morrison was turning to starboard a Russian vessel with a deck cargo of pit-props, the engines suddenly started "racing like a sewing machine." Owing to a mechanical defect, the propeller had dropped off. "Fortunately, it stuck on the framework of the balance rudder and was recovered in dry-dock." The tide was so strong that, to stop the ship, Morrison had to drop anchor and pay out 105 fathoms of cable; any lesser length would have snapped under the strain.

Navigation in fog is the most difficult of all. Though all pilots take advantage of direction-finding apparatus and radar, when available, these are regarded only as aids. The pilot relies first on experience and then on soundings. With his intimate knowledge of the sea-bed, a succession of soundings gives him a good idea of where he is, "though there may be a very wide area with a uniform depth of, say, ten fathoms." Morrison has a motto, "Where knowledge fails, instinct serves," but he is distinctly unhappy if he fails to sight a buoy.

With visibility at one mile, he can steam at full speed. At a quarter of a mile he rings for "slow," for two ships approaching each other at twelve knots crash in thirty-seven seconds. In the words of an official: "A pilot has to make a decision in under a minute. If there's a collision, the lawyers may take two years deciding who was to blame."

How To Become A Pilot

Taking charge of a ship worth hundreds of thousands of pounds needs reliable men, well trained. Most pilots, like Morrison, are solid family men, and all have passed through a rigorous apprenticeship in the teeth of fierce competition. When a boy applies to be a pilot, between the ages of sixteen and sixteen and a half, he is first seen by the superintendent of pilotage, who decides whether he is likely to be suitable. If so, he is asked to apply in writing, and his name is placed on the waiting list.

When a vacancy occurs on the register of applicants, all the boys on the waiting list are interviewed by an examination committee. "We look for character and purpose in life, not necessarily a good brain," says an official. Those not transferred to the register before they are sixteen and a half drop out.

After finishing their schooling, candidates are advised to join a deep-sea shipping line as cadets. If reports on their progress are satisfactory, they become approved applicants and are promoted to apprenticeships when a vacancy occurs. The number of apprentices is kept rigidly at forty-five. If candidates have not become apprentices by their nineteenth birthday, they drop out.

Apprentices work as deckhands on the four pilot boats and take an examination each year in seamanship, navigation and knowledge of the pilotage area. Failure means demotion or dismissal. When there is a vacancy for a pilot, the senior apprentice is granted a third-class licence, provided he has passed an examination and accompanied a qualified pilot on at least forty trips. Most apprentices have to wait seven years nowadays, but Morrison, who was thwarted by the slump, had to wait ten.

Earnings: £1,000 A Year

A third-class pilot can only handle ships of 600 tons net register or less, but after two years' experience and the passing of another examination, he becomes a second-class pilot and can handle ships up to 2,000 tons. Two years later, provided he passes yet another examination and has accompanied a first-class pilot on at least eighteen trips to and from the stages in the river, he becomes a first-class pilot. If he is lucky, he may in time become an appropriated pilot—a pilot who handles the ships of a particular company but takes his place on the rota when there is no company work.

For the services of a pilot, ships pay 27s. 2d. per foot draught from Lynas, and 24s. 4d. from the Bar. Outward, the charge is 18s. 4d. About half these charges pay for administration and the upkeep of the pilot boats, the rest being placed in a pool from which pilots are paid. First-class pilots take a whole share, second- and third-class a five-sixths and two-thirds share respectively. Nowadays, first-class pilots get the best part of a thousand pounds a year.

During half a lifetime's piloting, Morrison has brought in every kind of vessel. He has worked in war and peace at all hours of the day and night. He reckons that the pleasantest job a pilot gets is in the launching of a new ship from Cammel Laird's shipyards at Birkenhead. As the champagne dribbles down the sides and the shipwrights knock out the chocks for the ship to slide down the slipway, the pilot stands on deck. What does he do? "Look wise," says Morrison. "Until the tugs come, we can't do a thing."

THE END

Dark Conspiracy

by JANE LANE

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

Mr. Jolly hardened his heart. Ill or not, the treacherous old Scotsman must leave his house. But he could hardly allow a sick man to travel alone . . .

With Phoebe and her father helping him along, the old man limped towards the door. Suddenly, he seemed overcome by faintness

DANIEL JOLLY WAS A TROUBLED man. He worried about his nagging wife, Elizabeth, forever trying to make a gentleman out of him; he worried about his daughter, Phoebe, who was developing into a shameless flirt since her young husband had died; he worried about his little business, going downhill fast because of his too-generous disposition. But most of all, he worried over his mysterious lodger.

It was because his chandler's shop in Hampstead village was doing badly that Mr. Jolly had taken in the lodger. He had approached his old friend, Josiah Keeling, for a loan. But Josiah, grown very great of recent years, and quite a figure in political affairs, could only suggest that he take in a lodger—a friend of his from the north who would pay well for plain fare and privacy.

Daniel had momentary doubts—he had seen Josiah engaged in conversation that evening with Bob Ferguson, a notorious political agitator—but he accepted.

One of his worries seemed to be lifting. Phoebe's latest young man, invited to the house, seemed a sound, steady fellow. His name was Derrick Calder, and he was a gentleman usher in the Duke of York's service—a cut above Phoebe's usual swains. But, Daniel learned with regret, Derrick was already married—unhappily.

The lodger who alighted from the coach one day was Mr. Baillie, a dour, shrivelled old Scotsman. To Daniel's relief, he gave little trouble until, one night, two sinister visitors arrived for him. Before announcing themselves they greeted Mr. Jolly by asking softly: "Is all in harmony?" at the same time undoing the two top buttons of their greatcoats.

Clearly, thought Mr. Jolly, they had mistaken him for one of themselves. But who were they? Curiosity overcoming his fear, he crept to the door of the lodger's room to overhear the conversation. What he heard showed plainly that they were political conspirators, plotting to overthrow King Charles II. Mr. Jolly made up his mind: his friend, Josiah Keeling, must know at once.

Next morning, however, on the way to see Josiah, he was jostled by crowds awaiting a highwayman's execution. Before he realized it, he was pressed close to a man wearing a fox-coloured coat who was addressing a street ballad-monger. Mr. Jolly heard the urgent whisper—"Is all in harmony?"—and saw the man take a sheet of paper from the ballad-monger's hands and move off.

Excited and agitated, Mr. Jolly quickly formed a plan of action. Catching up with the fox-coloured gentleman, he slowly began to undo the two top buttons of his greatcoat. . . .

PART 2

Mr. Jolly's Night Of Danger

THE fox-coloured gentleman stopped dead in his walk, and his eyes, pale and hooded, with a hint of savagery, scanned Daniel Jolly up and down. He leaned against one of the white posts that separated the footwalk from the street, to save himself from being swept away by the mob, and said: "I don't know you, sir."

Mr. Jolly blinked and swallowed. The instinct

"Stand and deliver!" came the challenge. Mr. Jolly, his whole body trembling, raised his arms

that had prompted him to accost the stranger deserted him at this hostile response, and he felt only very foolish and rather afraid. But then again something seemed to impel him to act out of character, and he heard his own voice saying:

"Your pardon, neighbour, but I heard the password and wondered if there was news."

"Did you get a paper?" asked the foxy one, jerking his head backwards in the direction of the ballad-monger.

Daniel shook his head.

"H'm," grunted the other, still scanning him closely. "The fellow is new to us but safe. If you wish to hear the news, give him the password and sign, and he will hand you one of these." He tapped the pocket into which he had slipped whatever the ballad-monger had given him, nodded curtly, and mingled with the crowd before Mr. Jolly could detain him.

As Daniel stared after him, an old adage piped up in his mind. "Curiosity killed the cat." Yet even as he assured himself of this, he found that he was retracing his steps, giving the password and sign, and receiving a paper which he thrust deep into his pocket.

When at last he arrived at Josiah Keeling's shop it was only to be told that Mr. Keeling was out on business and was not expected back that day; and so it was with a sense of anti-climax that he began the long trudge back to Hampstead on foot.

On the edge of the Conduit Fields, he entered a little wayside inn and called for a can of ale; and, as there was no one else in the tavern, he drew the paper from his pocket, gingerly unfolded it and laid it on the table before him. Clasping his head in his hands, he laboriously spelled out the writing.

What he had expected to read there he scarcely knew. What he did in fact read there made his mind a chaos of relief, bewilderment and incredulity. It was a letter, written without date, beginning "Sir" and ending "Your Friend in Harmony." It was, apparently, a letter of condolence for some bereavement unspecified, very peculiar in phraseology and more so in punctuation, as even the unlettered Mr. Jolly could perceive. The cryptic statements, combined with the odd punctuation and the circumstances in which he had obtained the letter, convinced even his simple mind that this "letter" was really a paper written in cipher.

When he left the tavern he put the paper back in his pocket; several times, as he ploughed through the long wet grass of the Fields, he stopped, took it out, and made to tear it up. But when at last, weary in mind and body, he entered his little shop, and saw Phoebe running anxiously from the back to greet him and inquire whether he would like a mug of mulled ale, he still had the paper with him; and when he had drunk his ale and gone to his bedchamber to change his wet clothes, he locked the thing carefully into his moneybox, and with more than ordinary care, pushed this receptacle of all his wealth into a recess within the chimney.

THE next morning dawned in thick fog. Even up here upon the heights of Hampstead, Mr. Jolly could feel and smell the stifling blanket of it when, grunting out of bed as usual at six o'clock, he opened his window to look at the day. Dressing in the dark so as not to wake his wife, he heard the lodger's voice calling urgently to him: "Master Jolly! Master Jolly! Are ye there?"

"At your service, sir," replied the chandler, running down into the parlour, where he found Mr. Baillie, clad only in shift and nightcap, leaning weakly against the wall at the foot of the stairs. "Do you lack for aught?"

"Nay, I do fine," answered the lodger, his wheezing breath contradicting this statement. "This is a waefu' haar—a fog ye'll ca' it downby. It vexes me sore, for I hae urgent privy

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SURVIVAL after Death

John Bull presents the results of a personal investigation of spiritualism

ALTHOUGH THE PRACTICE OF SPIRITUALISM is far more widespread in Britain today than ever before, it has only just been brought within the law. Until a Private Member's Bill, formulated by Tom Brooks, M.P. for Normanton in the last Parliament, was quietly passed through the House of Commons last June, every séance and every spiritualist religious service was an illegal activity!

Mediums practising their craft, or gift, of acting as the receivers of messages stated to come from the spirits of the dead, could be convicted and branded as rogues or vagabonds under the obsolete Witchcraft Act of 1753, or under a section of the Vagrancy Act of 1824 which also provided penalties for such rogues as peddlars of obscene pictures.

After Tom Brooks's proposals repealing these measures passed into law, a tribute was paid to his "help in securing religious freedom for the spiritualists of Great Britain."

Who are the spiritualists in this country whose beliefs have thus been freed from the taint of obsolete laws?

There are many notable spiritualists in all branches of life; in the nobility and learned professions; in business, journalism and even the Established Church. About 55,000 are members of the three major spiritualist organizations, the Spiritualists' National Union, with 500 churches; the Greater World Christian Spiritualist League, with 585 churches; and the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, which has 6,500 members and associates. By far the largest number probably belong to no specific organization but practise spiritualism in private "circles."

These believers have come to spiritualism in a variety of different ways, often through the shock and sorrow of a personal bereavement; almost always on the recommendation of a friend.

Although a vast amount of literature has been published on the subject of survival after death, most of it is either highly technical, or based on the writers' prior acceptance of the spiritualist theory.

Spiritualism takes so many different forms and is so *personal* that it is almost impossible to explain in a purely objective way, by means of third-party reports of séances or meetings, or even through facts and figures. Those who have adopted it often seem to talk in a language of their own, using words and phrases not readily understandable to the ordinary inquirer.

JOHN BULL has, therefore, decided to meet the increasing curiosity about this new faith—the basis of which is a confirmed belief in survival—by publishing the full story of a personal investigation by a man who, in his own words, "was a confirmed sceptic and had maintained a lifelong prejudice" against psychic communication with the dead.

The writer, Reginald M. Lester, is a Fleet Street journalist, author of a number of books on the popular sciences and many hundreds of articles. He served in the Army in the first World War, fighting in the Battle of the Somme as a nineteen-year-old subaltern; and in the last war held a staff appointment as Commanding Officer of an area of Eastern Command, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

How he turned to spiritualism and what he saw and heard in three years of painstaking research, is described in simple, straightforward terms in this remarkable series of articles.

The author of this series

MY SEARCH FOR PROOF

by REGINALD M. LESTER

IN the third week of December, 1948, my wife, Marjorie, was taken suddenly and mysteriously ill. On Monday of Christmas week she was out shopping for gifts; on the Tuesday morning she went to bed with what we both thought was a chill. The doctor I called found nothing wrong except unusually low blood pressure, for which he prescribed some pills. He told me she would be quite well in time for us to go away for Christmas.

But she became rapidly worse, and on Christmas Eve I obtained her admission to hospital. Two hours after she had been admitted I called at the hospital for the medical report and was alarmed to find that three doctors were still engaged in the examination.

The house surgeon came out of the private ward where she was lying and called me into his room. He looked at me gravely, and suddenly a chill of fear went through me.

"I have to tell you that your wife is desperately ill," he said, "but we have not yet been able to diagnose the illness fully."

The next thirty-six hours were a time of mounting anxiety. When everything that was medically possible had been done, I decided to turn to other sources of help.

I was not really a religious man. In the 1914 war, when I saw my companions blown to pieces on either side of me in the trenches—while I remained untouched—I had often wondered what had become of them, and, in spite of my Christian upbringing, had been unable to see how a physical body, completely shattered, could

Mrs. Nan Mackenzie (left) at a meeting in her home. She was the medium during Reginald Lester's first experience of a spiritualist "circle"

ever have a further existence. I had been brought up in a very devout family and had been a regular churchgoer, but after that war I had drifted almost unconsciously into agnosticism. And in the second World War, when my wife and I had been together in some of the worst raids, aware that we might be killed instantly at any time, we had neither of us believed very much in an after-life, or turned to religion for comfort.

Yet now, with her life in peril, I telephoned all our close friends in London, asking them to join in prayer for her recovery. Although I had so little religious conviction left, I wanted to try this as a last resort.

In the sunshine of Christmas morning I walked along the hospital corridor and met the sister-in-charge just outside the ward. She shook her head. My wife had grown worse during the night, in spite of injections of penicillin. But she was quite conscious and had no idea of the seriousness of her condition. She asked me how soon she might be allowed to return home.

"Probably by next weekend," I lied, and she exclaimed: "What! A whole week? I hope I shan't be here as long as that."

She was not. At two thirty on Christmas afternoon she fell into a coma. From then until the following dawn, I sat beside her bed watching her life slowly ebb away, powerless to help her.

Just as dawn was breaking on the Sunday morning, she slipped from me, with a fluttering sigh, my hand stroking her dear forehead as she died.

Was This The End, Then?

The following hours—and days—seemed quite unreal; a nightmare. In a semi-stunned state, I made all the last arrangements and went to keep my last tryst with her where she was lying so peacefully in the little hospital chapel.

She was indeed peaceful. Even in my grief I had to admit that. But where *was* she—if anywhere? I had no belief in survival to bring me comfort.

Neither biologically nor logically could I see how anything of her could exist after the death of the physical body.

Yet a spark of doubt persisted in challenging my scepticism.

We had shared a perfect married life for over a quarter of a century. The three years after the war had been perhaps the happiest of all. Was it not incredible that such an intense bond of love could end in total annihilation? Did not an abrupt extinction or "snuffing out" as if of a candle make life meaningless and devoid of purpose? These questions kept coming up. But I could find no answer.

On the last morning but one of the old year, my wife was borne to the crematorium chapel and I said goodbye to her, as I thought, for ever.

Two weeks went by. Although I went on automatically with my daily work, I seemed to have lost all sense and purpose in life. As each day passed and I thought the matter over quite calmly and deliberately, I could see no point in continuing my life without Marjorie. I should only be a misery to myself and an embarrassment to my good friends. What little faith I had ever possessed was now entirely shattered.

I came to the conclusion that I could do one of only two things: either follow my wife into another world or into oblivion, whichever it might be; or find out for myself, once and for all, whether personal survival had any real basis and whether it could be proved. I decided that only definite and irrefutable proof would satisfy me.

A task that I had been putting off was that of going through my wife's wardrobe. One evening, I forced myself to do this. I sorted out all her frocks and underthings and finally her shoes. Then I could go on no longer. How often one has heard the phrase "broken heart." Now I seemed to feel the break literally.

At that moment the telephone rang. It was a very old friend of my wife's. She wanted me to get into touch with Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding. I was to send him a note telling him of my loss, she said.

"What on earth for?" I asked, "I've never met him in my life."

But she was determined that Lord Dowding would help me and I finally agreed. I wrote to him that night and by return of post was invited to meet him.

Interview With Lord Dowding

That meeting changed the whole course of my thoughts and actions. For two hours he talked to me of survival, and of his own investigations into the science of psychics. I asked him many questions. At the end I was no more convinced than before of the truth of personal survival, or the possibility of communication between this world and the "spirit world" of which he talked. But I was sufficiently interested to go ahead with a complete and extensive personal investigation into every available piece of evidence of survival. I did not really believe that I could get into touch with the spirit of my dead wife, but I determined at least to try. Dowding remarked that it was much better that I should approach the subject with an open, even a doubting mind, because when the "evidence" came it would be all the more convincing.

"No single incident will convince you," he said, "But only the accumulation of a mass of irrefutable evidence in due course."

Dowding talked about the life to be in a completely matter-of-fact way. He said that it was the natural law of the universe that life was continuous and that what we term "death" was merely a transition, the casting-off of the physical body for the "etheric" body which, until death, had been attached to it by an invisible cord. He assured me that Marjorie was not dead but still living in the spirit world, and I would be able to satisfy myself that this was so.

He advised me to study some of the literature on personal survival and the science of psychics, and to join a spiritualist "circle."

I told him I was not at all clear what happened at these "circles," of which he said there were more than ten thousand in this country alone.

He would not tell me very much, preferring to leave me to find out for myself. But he gave me this advice: "Do not approach this with a

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My bitter lesson in Jap chivalry

From dawn to dusk we slaved on the dreaded Thailand railway. All around, my prisoner-of-war friends were dying—inhuman, skeleton-like figures racked with cholera and dysentery. And here was a Jap officer giving me a present—a book on Japanese chivalry

ILLUSTRATION BY RONALD SEARLE

OUR LONG, TERRIBLE MARCH into Thailand was over. We of H Force, some of the thousands of Allied p.o.w.s brought up from prison camps in Singapore, now knew the real purpose of our journey. The "convalescent camps," into which our Jap guards had assured us we were to move, were fiction. Instead we were to be used as slave labour in the construction of a railway through the fever-ridden Thailand jungle to connect Bangkok with Rangoon and supply the Japanese army in Burma. It was to become known as the "Railway of Death."

Shortly after our arrival at an H.Q. camp we were split up into parties. I was sent to work on the line between Tarsao and Kanu. "Down there," a Jap guard jeered, "is much malaria."

We went to work in a cutting. High above, at the cutting's top, stood the guards, Koreans and Japanese, throwing stones and young boulders at the men who slaved below. In the cutting men worked in pairs, one holding a rock-drill, the other hitting it with a sixteen-pound sledge-hammer. All day long one swung the hammer, the other twisted the drill. Hit, twist, hit. All day long in turns, and at night some more by the light of bamboo and resin flares—and a most prompt thrashing for any pair who stopped for so much as a second.

A Slave's Epitaph

So it went on, hit . . . twist . . . hit, with every now and then fingers crushed with the sledge-hammer, or heads split open by irritable guards and legs cut by the rocks which they shied down from above. When the holes in the rock had been drilled deep enough, gelignite was inserted and the area blasted. The shattered rock was then manhandled, in skips, to a cliff and there thrown over.

An English lad collapsed on the edge of this cliff and fell far down on to the jagged pile of broken rock at its foot. The guard peered over. "More one skip," he ordered. No one moved. With an impatient heave he dragged the lever of the skip himself and a ton of rubble crashed on the body below. Only two men spoke. One looked the guard squarely in the eye: "Your turn'll come, you rotten bastard," he said quietly. The other, glancing at the pile of rubble which was now a grave, spoke an epitaph: "Half his luck," he said. "Half his luck."

Terai, a young Japanese officer who was a

As, cramped and ravenous, I staggered off the train, one of the prisoners lining the fence crawled underneath it and greeted me with a warmth that I had forgotten existed

former professor of English in a Japanese university and supposedly pro-British, visited us. He was sorry but he had bad news to tell me about some of my friends. Hugh Moore had cholera, Harry Peck was dying, Reg Dudley and Dan Winters were dead. I thanked him for his news and he said he had brought me something to help. "Quinine?" I asked hopefully, for all in our party were suffering from fever; but he replied: "No, quinine was difficult," and gave me his present. When he had left I looked at it. A small, expensively produced book called *The Japanese Art of Arranging Flowers*.

Feet Like Purple Balloons

The oldest member of our party died of what looked suspiciously like cholera. Another fell ill and followed him shortly afterwards. We were now six, and I found that my limbs no longer functioned very well. There was an angry swelling in my feet which made them look like purple balloons—the toes mere cocktail-sausages attached to them like teats on an udder.

Since Nippon's only object in bringing us all to Thailand had been to put weights on our backs and then get us to carry them elsewhere, this condition of mine did not bode well for the future. And, in truth, things would have gone very badly indeed for me had it not been for the generous help of the men with me. At all times they covered up for me so that the guards did not realize how slowly I worked. And when they had finished their own quota of work, then they would do mine, too.

In this respect one Snowy Bernard did most. He was unfortunate enough to have paired up with me when we first started work. Now that my arms seemed to have no strength to wield an axe, he would chop down his own timber, then mine. When my legs crumpled under the weight of carrying the timber back to camp, he would deliver his own, then come back and deliver mine. And never was there any suggestion of condescension, but only that inexhaustible readiness on the part of the ordinary man to lend a hand whenever it was needed.

And all the time that Snowy and the four other men carried me so steadfastly, I became more and more of a burden. The swelling spread up my legs so that ankles and knees vanished into two water-filled columns of suet. Then my trunk began to swell with that same ominous suggestion of liquid beneath the skin tissues, and even my eyes became merely two slits in a puffy sphere.

Marked Up For Dead

The guards began to take an unconcealed interest in my condition, and daily showed their surprise that I was still alive. "*Ashita mati mati*," they would say, pointing towards the crop of arms and legs that protruded from the washed-out graves beyond our tent, and drawing a mocking cross on the ground. If I had required any stimulant to prevent me from succumbing to the beriberi that so bloated me, those daily jibes by the guards would have done the job perfectly. Nevertheless, the day at last came when I found that I could not walk at all. I decided that I must see a medical officer.

Accordingly, that night I left the tent on my hands and knees, eluded the guards, and painfully crawled the quarter of a mile to the headquarters camp. The moon rose. In the powerful light it shed I decided that Thailand must be the only place in the world where all that moonbeams bring out is decay and mud and the demented high-pitched love song of baboons. My musings on this subject were interrupted by the M.O. himself, who spotted me ploughing infant-like through the mire and wanted to know what the hell I thought I was doing. I replied that I thought I was coming to see him. He parried this with a question as to whence I came. When I told him, he pointed out that, that being one of the most cholera-ridden areas in Thailand, I was extremely unwelcome and would I kindly stay where I was.

A Spoonful A Day

I said: "What, out here in the mud?" and he replied: "Yes," as if that were the most reasonable thing in the world. I was deeply aggrieved and said so. He, however, was adamant, and eventually he persuaded me to remove my unwholesome presence altogether by throwing me a small jar. It landed about ten yards up in a pool of slime. I crawled up and retrieved it and, wiping it clean on some leaves, looked at the label. "Marmite," it read.

"You have beriberi," he shouted. "Take a spoonful of that a day."

"Will it do any good?" I asked.

"Might," he replied, and, returning firmly inside the palisade of the headquarters camp, indicated that the subject was closed. I crawled back to our camp, where I found the guards very cross that I had eluded them. I took a spoonful of Marmite and, exhausted, fell asleep.

Fires flared at every camp where cholera struck. They lighted the way out to work in the dark before dawn: they guided the men back through the dark wetness of the jungle long after dusk. And always, lying round them in stick-like bundles, were the bodies that awaited cremation—bodies at which the returning men peered closely as they came in to see if any of their mates lay among them. And every now and then, as they filed past, came that muttered: "Half his luck."

An Awkward Subject

Terai called again and we had a strange conversation. He was sorry, he said, but many hundreds of my friends had died at Kanu. I found it difficult to understand why he bothered with these condolences, but he interrupted my thoughts. "You have read the book?"

"What book?" I asked vaguely, at which he looked hurt, so that I remembered the expensive little volume on flower arrangement and quickly said yes, I had read it.

"You liked it?" I said that it was quite interesting, but impossible to reconcile with the atrocious mentality of our guards.

"They are only coolies, you must understand," explained Terai. "I am sorry that they behave badly."

"They're privates," I pointed out. "You are an officer: you could stop them if you were really sorry."

"It is difficult," Terai explained.

"Like the quinine," I suggested, and he allowed anger to flicker for just a second in those intelligent eyes. Then he glanced down again and said: "I have brought you another book." Realizing that an awkward subject was thus being closed, I replied: "Thank you."

"By the way," he added, as he prepared to leave our tent, "I am writing a play."

"In English or Nippon-go?" I asked.

"English," he said proudly. "You must read it when it is complete and give me your criticism." I promised that I would. "*Sayonara*," he said, in farewell, and left—a slim, good-looking young man whom I didn't understand at all. I glanced at this last book he had given me. It was entitled *Bushido, or Japanese Chivalry*.

Shoved Me Into Fire

By this time the fluids of the wet beriberi which swamped me were flopping round in my chest, having crept up from my legs, and a most unwelcome sound it was. The only preventive I could think of was to consume sufficient vitamin B tablets (they would, of course, have to be stolen from the Japs) to overcome the deficiency which caused the beriberi.

A large force of Japanese reinforcements came sloshing up the jungle trail, shoving mountain artillery along with them. Their hoarse, rhythmic shouts of "*Esau, Esau*," as they pushed mountain guns along mud tracks sounded harsh and bad-tempered. They were not misleading. Though we had just finished a particularly heavy shift we were routed out to light fires, boil water, cook food. An officer thrust his waterproof cape at me and indicated that I was to dry it. I was shivering with a malarial rigour.

Standing in front of the fire with the cape, I found it impossible not to sway on my unstable legs. Soon the inevitable occurred—the cape caught alight. Before I extinguished the flame, one large corner of the gentleman's garment had vanished into a tiny heap of ash and a black cloud of pungent smoke.

With a hoarse "*Currah*," the Jap officer leaped up. He kicked me, leaving a perfect impression of his toe-cap in my sodden flesh for hours afterwards; he swiped with his bayonet, cutting open the back of my head, and he then, for good measure, shoved me firmly into the fire. Bloated as I was, I was slow to move. I was surprised to notice that, though the skin bubbled and the flesh smelt singed, I felt nothing. The beriberi had at least done that for me. On the other hand, however little it hurt, one couldn't afford to remain sprawled in a fire for long. Snowy solved the problem by ignoring the

A hospital hut in Kanchinaburi, where Braddon lay seriously ill from malaria after working on the Thailand railway. These photographs were taken by prisoners using smuggled cameras

Prisoners on the railway lived in tents and crude huts. Many of them were without footwear, were clothed only in shorts or G-strings

Allied p.o.w.s swarm around a mass of bamboo scaffolding used to erect Tamarkan Bridge on the Thailand slave railway. Mechanical equipment was scarce. Prisoners, sometimes aided by elephants, had to manhandle everything themselves. "It was like watching the Pyramids go up," says an eye-witness

officer's bellows and dragging me out. It was all over in seconds, but it did nothing to heighten in my mind my impression of *Bushido, or Japanese Chivalry*.

Muttering to himself, as Snowy brushed me free of embers, the officer took his charred cape and placed it resentfully over his other possessions. Following his actions with a wary eye, I noticed that from the top of his haversack there protruded a large bottle of vitamin B tablets. When I left the guardhouse, so did the bottle. That night I sat up and ate solidly the small brown tablets of bran so rich in vitamin B. They did not make easy eating, but I continued munching. By morning the bottle was empty.

About two days later I reaped the profits of my theft. We had just gone to our bed-spaces and I was laboriously scrubbing clean the burns I had received on my hands, arms and legs as a result of being booted so unceremoniously into a fire. It suddenly became necessary to urinate. I crawled the thirty yards to our makeshift urinal and obliged, and started to crawl back to the tent. I had only gone halfway, however, when it became necessary to reverse. Eventually I stayed there, and every ten minutes or so for two days fluid poured out of me. My chest no longer looked puffy; my stomach lost its thick, pregnant look; my knees reappeared, then my ankles, then my toes. The beriberi bloated pudding was gone. In its place stood a skeleton which had never in all its life been so pleased with its physical condition as at this moment, when, according to the Japanese quartermaster's scales, it weighed five stone eleven pounds.

A Demented Scream

Half a dozen of us were sent up just beyond Kanu to lay some lines. The "*Speedo*" was on at full pressure and this particular section lagged. We worked until the required section was completed. Then only did our Korean guard grunt "*Yazume* all men," and we lay down to sleep.

We had not been asleep long, lying on the track itself, when someone shook me into wakefulness. "What's that?" he asked, and at the same moment I heard a demented, high-pitched, near-but-not-quite human screaming, piercing and prolonged. "Baboons," I reassured him. "Horrible ruddy noise, isn't it?"

"That's no baboon, mate," he argued. "I've heard plenty of baboons and seen 'em." We listened again, and again the shrill shriek cut through the jungle darkness like ice run across the back of your neck. Then, as the sound came weirdly at us again, my companion said: "C'mon, mate. That's no baboon, that's a man."

Though I didn't want to go with him and find what caused a man to make a noise like that, I lacked the courage to say so. We stole down the line. We covered a quarter of a mile and the sound now came from our right. We cut into the jungle, our progress now noisy and difficult, but still dominated by that demented voice. It seemed soon to lie ahead of us again. I called to my companion: "It's no use. It must be a baboon. Keeps moving round."

"No, it don't, mate," he replied simply, "we do"—and he pushed on. So I followed, and almost immediately we found the source of the noise. The wreckage of a man, mere bones, skin and hair, stood clutching a railing, his mouth wide open, screaming mad, inhuman.

Quinine Was Difficult

Two figures — medical orderlies — suddenly appeared beside him and carried him away. He appeared not to notice, and the screaming continued. My companion and I followed them until they placed him on the ground in a small hut with four or five others.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded my companion, his voice husky.

"Cerebral malaria," the orderly told us. "He was trying to get down to the water. It's got a fascination for 'em."

"Many like that?"

"No, not so far," said the orderly, "but if we don't get quinine soon, we'll all be like it."

"Bloody lovely thought that is," my companion said.

"How old was that bloke?" I asked.

"Twenty-two. He's not dead yet, you know." We started to move off. "He will be soon, though," he added. "What we need is quinine." But then quinine, I knew, was difficult.

The line was finished. From Bangkok to Rangoon it ran uninterruptedly—except that the R.A.F. blew up the odd vital bridge at strategic intervals so that no train ever got through. But, for the moment, it was completed, and the Japanese decided to open it with ceremony.

At this ceremony the senior British officer on the line was invited to speak. He refused abruptly, saying that neither he nor any prisoner of war wished in any way to celebrate the official opening of a railway line whose every sleeper on its whole 300-mile length had cost one human life. The Japanese were in no way put out.

The Imperial Japanese Army was now confronted with the problem of what to do with the wreckages of humanity which were the survivors of its railway. These did not look like men; on the other hand, they were not quite animals.

They had feet torn by bamboo thorns and working for long months without boots. Their shins had no spare flesh at all on the calf and looked as if bullets had exploded inside them, bursting the meat outwards and blackening it. These were their ulcers, of which they had dozens. Their thigh bones and pelvis stood out sharply, and on the point of each thigh bone was that red-raw patch like a saddle sore or monkey's behind. All their ribs showed clearly, the chest sloping backwards to the hollows of throat and collar bone. Arms hung down, stick-like. Heads were shrunken on to skulls with large teeth and faintly glowing eyes.

That was what the Japanese and Koreans did to the men who went on Forces F and H and lived. Of the total number who left Singapore, about half had survived. Now, what to do with this wreckage? And, when they looked at it, even the Nips were a little unnerved. The first thing they did, therefore, was to collect most of the survivors at Kanchinaburi, pronounced Kamburi—that same Kamburi which had been the last town before the jungle commenced on our march up. We were loaded on to trains and taken down. There were several longish stops on the way to allow those who died to be buried. Finally we steamed into the flat fields of Kanchinaburi.

Greeting I'll Never Forget

As I staggered off the train, cramped and ravenous, for we had had no food for two days, I noticed that beside the line ran long rows of huts separated into two areas. In the one were white men; in the other, black men. Both lots looked shocking. The fence that marked the dividing line between railway and camp was draped with white men only. The natives no longer took any interest in anything. Therein lay the difference.

As I shambled towards the fence, one of the men on the other side crawled under it, dragged me through and greeted me with a warmth I had

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McDowd knew that Carrie hadn't brought him out to inspect the truck. It was the young man who jumped down to greet them she wanted him to meet

The young risk all

by FREDERICK HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

It would be tough enough for the young people without him stringing along. They had their future planned; and McDowd could see no place in it for him

THE GIRL HELD THE HORSES under the shade of a gum tree, on the far side of the hospital lawn. When Old Nugget McDowd came out at last, setting his hat carefully over one eye, she guessed what the doctors had told him.

They studied each other discreetly as she walked the horses over. Knowing now that he lived on borrowed time, McDowd sensed the tender impermanence of all things between sky and earth. Young Carrie, with her mother's wide, grey eyes in a vivid little face, was the centre of his newly fragile world. Uncle and niece could read each other—the wrinkled parchment of sixty-eight and the peach-bloom of eighteen—without the clumsiness of words.

He took the reins of the black mare, and mounted.

"Talk the hide off a bullock, those quacks would," he said. "Have I got time to inspect this latest young man of yours tonight?"

Carrie swung to the saddle of her bay. "It's his new road train you're asked to inspect, not the young man." She smiled at the shrewd disbelief in McDowd's blue eyes.

They wheeled south together in the red dust beside the highway. The bungalow spread of Alice Springs was behind them. Ahead was the abrupt wall of the range, rosy with sunset light. Presently Carrie led off to the left, following tyre-tracks over the tussocky ground.

The road train showed up, a gaudily scarlet machine at rest in a landscape of grey-green. It was a heavy truck, with a bunkhouse at the rear of the driving cabin, and three high-sided trailers hooked behind. A young man jumped down from the bunkhouse as Carrie and McDowd dismounted.

"This is Vince Crawford, Nugget," Carrie introduced. McDowd held out his hand.

"Going to run all us drovers out of business with this thing, are you?"

Crawford's grin was friendly. "In twenty years, maybe." He wore the calf-tight trousers of a stockman, but his voice lacked the born Territorian's drawl. He stood head and shoulders above McDowd. He had brown eyes that weren't set in creases from fighting the sun. He had a way of talking to Carrie with those eyes.

There was suddenly a tightness in McDowd's throat, a turmoil of anger and pity in his mind for these kids. The young would never learn how a hard land wore down a romantic dream. Not even Carrie would learn, and she born to the Territory. If she wanted this boy, an old man's talk wouldn't save her from the heartache of waiting for him to make good.

He said: "Better show me this contraption while the light lasts."

Carrie stayed with the horses. Crawford showed how the sides of the trailers lowered to form loading ramps for cattle. He pointed out the sand-tyred double wheels, the lengths of mesh wire that could be laid for a track through mud. He climbed with McDowd to the bunkhouse. It was a small, compactly fitted cabin, with store lockers and a short-wave transmitter-receiver set. Pictures of girls were pinned over two of the three built-in cots. One of the photos was of Carrie.

Crawford caught McDowd's eye. "I've got two partners with me in this. One of them's engaged—aims to get married when we're hauling regular loads of bullocks to the Alice. I dare say you know I have the same idea, sir?"

"Call me Nugget. When you get 'sir' and 'mister' in the Territory, it means people hate your guts." McDowd perched on the edge of a bunk. "Carrie didn't say anything. Just wanted me to meet you."

"And you don't approve?"

McDowd stared through the doorway. "I once

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Major Gladys's school for mothers

by ALAN PRICE

Down at Mayflower, girls with no idea how to run a home learn to look after their children—and keep their husbands happier

IN DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES, the magistrate would have sent the woman to prison. Her child of three was badly undernourished and the baby of eighteen months had been kept from birth in a tiny box. As it grew, it had been unable to stretch its legs, so that its knees were drawn up to its chin and its hamstrings were affected. It was scarcely strong enough to move.

But the woman in the dock was no monster of depravity. She was just nineteen years old, frightened and childishly ignorant. The probation officer read out her history. She was uncertain who her father was, but believed he had recently died. Her mother had other illegitimate children and her sisters were known moral delinquents. She had married at sixteen. She seemed sorry for what she had done.

The magistrate decided she needed training, not punishment. Instead of sending her to prison, he placed her on probation with the condition that she must spend three months at the Salvation Army's Mayflower Home at Plymouth. The girl was surprised when she was told she could take her children. After a medical check, she was escorted to Plymouth by the probation officer and shown to a pleasant bedroom she was to share with another mother. There was a single bed for herself, cots for the children, a wardrobe, a chest of drawers and an electric fire. Next morning she was summoned to the office of Major Gladys Newcombe, the matron. "Major," as she is known, is a homely, middle-aged woman with twenty-eight years' experience of social work with the Army.

Turning Over A New Leaf

Major explained that a stay at Mayflower was not a punishment, but a chance of starting again in life. The mother would be taught all those things about looking after a home and children that more fortunate girls learn from their mothers.

The Mayflower Home is a turreted Victorian mansion in the Mannamead suburb of Plymouth. It has a staff of five Salvation Army officers and three outside helpers. Since it opened three years ago, seventy-one mothers have passed through. They stay for three or four months, at the discretion of the Home Office. Though a few come voluntarily at the suggestion of probation officers, the majority come as a condition of probation after being convicted of wilful neglect of their children. Mothers convicted of wilful physical cruelty are not accepted, nor are the drunken and culpably lazy. The Home Office and the Salvation Army, who jointly finance the Home, must be convinced that the real cause of the neglect was the mother's inability to cope, and that a course at Mayflower will set her on the right path.

Often, the mother's failing is plain ignorance. Many do not know on arrival how to wash handkerchiefs or boil potatoes. One girl of eighteen had never been told that babies needed nappies. Another thought her child of three years should still be breast fed. The child was undernourished, she herself "a physical and mental wreck." It took one mother several weeks to learn how to light a fire.

Most, however, are not cases of simple ignorance, but of ignorance combined with poverty, bad housing and having too many children too soon. One mother of twenty-three had six children under five, including two sets of twins. Her home was a Nissen hut.

Even when they have enough money to keep their children decently, some mothers seem unable to do so. One had six children. Her husband was living with another woman, but gave her four pounds a week to add to her twenty-five shillings family allowances. She became worried and depressed. For company, she started drinking, and fell heavily into debt.

Firmness And Kindness

"These women just can't manage on an unskilled labourer's wage supplemented by family allowances," says Major. "These don't go far nowadays. But you still find women who can manage on three pounds. Ours couldn't. They have poor backgrounds. They prefer fish and chips to cooking good, plain food. At Mayflower, we give them a chance of getting shipshape and making a fresh start."

The method is a mixture of firmness and kindness. Reveille is at six thirty, and mothers are expected to be down by seven. If they have three or four children to wash and dress, however, they are allowed longer, and may even be helped by one of the staff. Breakfast is at eight in the large Victorian dining-room. Each family sits together at a small table, the first course being served from the hotplate by the staff, the second by the mothers themselves. At ten to nine, the children are put in the nursery for the rest of the morning and the mothers retire to their sitting-room for prayers.

At nine o'clock, work begins. Beds and cots are made, rooms are dusted, polished and swept. At first, much has to be taught. Often the children have never before slept in cots, and mothers have to be shown how to make them up with rubber sheets. They have to be shown how to polish floors—not with an electric polisher but with the simple materials they will be able to use at home. "Eventually," says Major, "they compete with each other for the cleanest room. We watch for work-dodgers and teach them to be kind and helpful to each other." But they clean only the parts of the house used by themselves and their children: the staff cleans its own quarters.

During her stay, each mother also learns how to look after the children in the nursery, how to cook good, plain food in the kitchen, how to wash sheets and blankets in the laundry. Always, the mothers use equipment they will

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

Major Newcombe. In her Victorian mansion there are no illusions about human nature

One of the important jobs at the school is teaching mothers how to play with children

Miss Jago takes her cookery class—a lesson that most of the mothers enjoy. At first, many of them resent any instruction

Lunch, a lesson in the value of good, plain food. First course is served by the staff, second by mothers—all part of the training

be likely to have in their own homes. In the laundry, this principle is carried to the extent of doing all the ironing with flat-irons.

After lunch, the next regular duty is serving tea to the children in the nursery, and putting them to bed at six. "We insist on this," says Major, "because we believe that much of the trouble is caused by husbands being justly irritated with children rushing about the house in the evenings when they want peace and quiet." In the early evening, the mothers have a hot meal by themselves.

All the rest of the time is taken up with outings and classes. A mother gets out at least once during the week, by herself or in an organized party. And every Saturday, Major sees that every mother has at least five shillings in her pocket and sends her to enjoy a day in Plymouth with her children. Not a single mother has absconded. "Most have little idea of the value of money," says Major, "and this is a good way of teaching them."

Classes are mainly on child care and household management. On Mondays, however, the supervisor of the children's dining-rooms in Plymouth holds a recreational evening and, by use of quiz and discussion, manages to stimulate an interest in current affairs. Tuesday night is set aside for letter-writing and receiving phone calls from husbands. On Wednesday afternoons, Mrs. King, the local health visitor, gives a chat on child health, and tells mothers about the welfare services they can use when they return home. Friday is make-do-and-mend night. "You should see what a thrill it gives them to run up a little frock for their children," says Major.

New Clothes For Old

When they first arrive at Mayflower, however, they are given an incentive to personal pride. Shabby, dirty clothes are taken away from them and they are taken to Major's clothing store, where there is a good selection of cheap but attractive clothes. They make their own choice with Major's guidance. "Imagine the delight of a mother who can tell her husband when he rings up that she's just been fitted out with a new coat. You can't teach them how to look after clothes if they've none worth looking after."

Perhaps the most popular class of the week is Miss Jago's cookery lesson, on Wednesday nights. Miss Jago is a stimulating person, the retired head of a women's technical college in Plymouth, with a lifetime of teaching and social work behind her. She tells of ration changes, casually mentions the price of the ingredients of demonstration meals. ("See this pepper—it's two-and-three an ounce, now.") She teaches them how to make dumplings and soups and good brown gravy—"not just gravy salt and water." Roasted potatoes must be made tasty and brown by placing bacon rind on top. "At first," says Miss Jago, "they're resentful, and I can't get a word out of them. The next week I find they've done their hair, and say 'Good evening' when I arrive. The third week they're bright and interested."

Major Newcombe confirms that after two weeks, most mothers respond to affection. Being married, they resent instruction at first, and often deny having neglected their children. At the same time, they are bewildered at not finding the expected bars and grey uniforms. No doors are locked—not even in the officers' quarters. "It's the only way of building up trust." Yet since Mayflower opened there have been only two cases of thieving, and they involved nothing more serious than soap and a bar of chocolate. Physically, too, the mothers improve. When they arrive, they are often allowed to rest for a few days because they are run down and nervous. At the end of their three months, they are healthy and strong.

Games Instead Of Buns

The improvement in the mothers is paralleled by an improvement in the children. When they arrive at Mayflower, they are usually dirty, apathetic, undernourished and incontinent. Two children refused to speak to anyone for their first four weeks, but now they laugh and playfully punch Major when she visits them. "They get like little porkers," she says. The transformation is due partly to the training given the mothers, partly to the facilities given the children.

Every mother, for instance, is taught to bath her own children every day, at first under supervision, later by herself. She is also encouraged to play with the children and is taught suitable games. "Most of the mothers love their children," says Major, "but they can show it only by dandling them on their knees and giving them buns."

While the mothers are at work, the children are looked after in the nursery by a fully trained children's nurse. "Free play helps to bring out self-expression." When weather permits, they play in the fine grounds of the house where there are swings and a sandpit. The policy of free expression naturally has its drawbacks. A slide in the playroom was pulled to pieces, an old boat in the sandpit filled with stones. Windows have been broken by having wooden bricks and a toy engine thrown through them. "We don't punish them. It doesn't do any good. We try to explain that if they break windows at home, it's going to cost mummy a lot of money she can ill afford."

Besides learning how to look after their children, mothers are also encouraged to keep in touch with their husbands. One phone call a week is allowed, and they may write and receive as many uncensored letters as they like. Husbands may visit the Home, preferably at weekends, and Major arranges accommodation at the Salvation Army men's hostel in Plymouth.

"Most of the husbands," says Major, "are good workers who've been sorry to see their homes in such a mess when they've come home at night. Usually, they're glad their wives have this chance of putting things right." Occasionally, the husbands have been jointly charged with the wives. Sometimes, Major believes, a spell in jail can be a good thing.

One mother of nineteen had three children. Her husband was unable to settle down after completing his National Service. He joined a gang and, when he was short of money, sold what sticks of furniture they had. The rent fell badly in arrears. Charged jointly with his wife with neglecting the children, he was sent to jail for four months while the mother went to Mayflower. "When he came out," says Major, "he was quite sure he didn't want to go back to jail, and worked hard at nights and weekends to pay off the rent arrears."

Only Two Real Failures

While the mother is learning how to cope at Mayflower, the probation officer in her home town is usually helping the husband to get some sort of home together. One was lucky enough to be given some furniture by a vicar who was going abroad as a missionary. In cases of overcrowding, the probation officer takes up the case. More than one Mayflower mother has had a brand-new prefab to return to.

Of the seventy-one families which have passed through Mayflower, Major believes that only two have been failures. One mother, a subnormal, should never have come in the first place; the other was dragged down by her husband's refusal to work. The Home Office believes that Mayflower is just meeting the need for training of this kind, and though it agrees that some magistrates seem not yet to have woken up to Mayflower's existence, it thinks that not many more of the 974 cases of child cruelty and neglect last year would have been suitable.

After twenty-eight years in the Army, Major Newcombe has no illusions about human nature. "We can't grow brains," she says, "but we can put initiative into those who have them." THE END

WE MUST KILL MR. SPRAKE

The factory offered great scope. He could be bored through, power pressed, hooked up to the fan belt—or simply squashed *by JACK TREVOR STORY*

"OUR MR. DOBSON IS THE MAN for this," said the foreman. Mr. Sprake handled labour in the machine shop with a gimlet eye, gingery moustache and sarcastic mouth. He spoke loudly and with exaggerated politeness, as he always did when addressing little Dobson, for he was sure of a laugh—especially when it came to shifting a ten-ton brake press across the machine shop. "We have the brawn, Mr. Dobson," the foreman explained, with his droll humour. "All we need is the brain. Come. . . ."

Mr. Dobson's hand trembled a little as he switched off the power guillotine and the seven-thousandth square steel plate fell into the bin, trimmed and ready for punching. Then he turned away, humiliated, loathing Mr. Sprake and his hateful voice.

After a while, the men on the lathes and millers and drills returned to their tasks and hid their amusement, for Dobson's acute embarrassment was always a little embarrassing to them.

The trouble was, Dobson would never answer back; he had not the gift of repartee, he had not sufficient skill to consider himself indispensable, and, on top of that, he took things so seriously. Dobbie was not cut out for factory life at all.

"It's only ten tons," the foreman said, and his voice rose artificially in the manner of a well-known radio comic, bringing ingratiating laughter from all around.

Mr. Dobson followed his foreman in scarlet dignity to join the other shift-gang recruits.

Although quiet and inoffensive by nature, Mr. Dobson had, quite seriously, been contemplating murdering his foreman for more than a year now. Fifteen months ago when his little second-hand bookshop had gone bankrupt, and he had been unable to find any work even remotely congenial, he had been forced to take a job in the factory. The work itself he did not mind. In the beginning it had not come easy and he had not been very good at it, but after trying various operations in different production shops they had at last found a number of routine jobs which he could do.

At first he had been frightened of the machines and this had made him clumsy and slow and inaccurate, but gradually he had come to know them and he had lost that fear. He had learned that big, powerful and lethal as some of them were, they could not do a thing until he pressed a button. He was their master.

Even the big guillotine, which could slice through thick steelplate with an effortless *kerlunk*, could not cut so much as tissue paper until he pressed his small foot on the pedal.

Of course, Mr. Dobson had never been allowed to have anything to do with the adjustment or setting-up of the machines; that was skilled work. Drills were put in for him and set to depth so that all he had to do was press a button and pull a lever as far as it would

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Little Mr. Dobson turned away then, bitterly humiliated. But Mr. Sprake's hateful voice did not stop, and neither did the laughter

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

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go—several thousand times. And the stops on the guillotine were clamped so that all he had to do there was press the sheet metal home, put his foot on the pedal and—*kerlunk*. Also several thousand times. But it was satisfying and he grew to like it.

He would never be a fast worker, but he was steady, did not stop to gossip or smoke, did exactly as he was told and never answered back. He was a reliable part of the machine. What was more, he did not have to think very much, and this left his mind free to devise ways of killing Mr. Sprake.

Mr. Dobson had, inexplicably, infuriated the foreman right from the start. When he had first presented himself to the machine shop, Mr. Sprake had begun as he meant to go on, by saying: "Boys — we've got a Mr. Dobson!" as though he were some well-known form of industrial disease or occupational hazard. That had brought the first laugh, and they had been laughing at him ever since.

Mr. Dobson did not connect this with his personal appearance, but the fact was he had never lost the look of an elderly bookseller. The brown cow-gown had not destroyed his dignity. He wore a Gladstone collar and thin black tie and, above that, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles sat sedately in front of his grave, dark eyes. Also he handled chunks of metal as though they were rather valuable volumes, so that altogether he seemed a little out of place in a factory machine shop.

It was a friendly place of Christian names and nicknames, yet the foreman had always insisted on calling him Mr. Dobson, especially when asking him to do some particularly menial or undignified task, like fetching tea for the foreman's own afternoon break, or cleaning a lathe on a Saturday morning —or helping to move this ten-ton brake press. There was something incongruous about the kind of man Mr. Dobson was and the kind of jobs he had to do that seemed to fascinate Mr. Sprake. The foreman lost no opportunity of extracting the very maximum pleasure from the situation and in the process making Mr. Dobson look a fool.

MR. SPRAKE had been much worse in this respect since an accident which had occurred a few weeks before. The foreman had broken into a production run on the guillotine in order to cut the blank of a small chassis for a development engineer. He had handed Mr. Dobson a piece of sheet metal and laid a rough drawing on the bed of the machine. He had then instructed Mr. Dobson exactly where to cut the metal —but Mr. Dobson had absently been studying the drawing.

"Not there, surely," Mr. Dobson had said, pointing to one of the scribed lines; "isn't that a bend?"

Had he slapped Mr. Sprake's face he could not have made the foreman more blankly surprised and then deeply angry. Mr. Sprake had pointed to the drawing, speaking loudly enough to attract an audience. "No, Mr. Dobson, it is not a bend, it is the line 'O'—cut, Mr. Dobson!" And the foreman had glanced above the little man's head at the smiling faces, as though he were dealing with an imbecile child.

But Mr. Dobson, only anxious to do the job right, had pressed his point—and won. He had said that it was not a nought on the line, but the Greek symbol theta, a nought crossed by a diagonal, which indicated an angle—in fact not a cut but a bend. Mr. Sprake had, of course, met the symbol before, but it was not a regular part of his work and he had forgotten it. Infuriated, he had blustered his way out of the situation by grabbing the metal and doing the job himself, as though quite out of patience; but Mr. Dobson noticed that he did not make the cut on that particular line.

Since then, Mr. Sprake had been even more unbearable, and Mr. Dobson had thought of even more ways of killing him. But there were so many methods at hand in the modern factory that so far he had remained undecided, like a donkey with too many carrots. One thing he had decided on: to reap the ultimate revenge, not only death but spectacle also was demanded, with no doubt as to where the credit lay. Yet at the same time it had to be an accident; it was not an easy thing to arrange at all.

At one time Mr. Dobson had toyed with the idea of hooking the back of Mr. Sprake's white coat on to the belting of the overhead shafting which fed several buff wheels and grindstones in a corner of the machine shop. This had once happened to a man who was now a cripple and swept the factory floors. From the eye-witness accounts of that ghastly accident, Mr. Dobson had built a most enjoyable little murder scene in which Mr. Sprake flew up the belting and then went round and round on the shafting like a Catherine-wheel, his arm caught in a pulley, his body flapping against odd girders in passing and everybody looking on—and Mr. Dobson at last reaching leisurely for the "off" switch.

But it had come to nothing because the necessary circumstances had not arisen; then the shafting had been abolished in favour of individual motor drive. Anyway, there was the risk that Mr. Sprake would not be killed but merely maimed like the old sweeper.

So then Mr. Dobson had turned to poison. He came through the plating shop each day with the foreman's tea, and having once worked there, he knew that there were deadly poisons by the vat-full; acid dips, chromium, nickel and silver baths, all open to the passer-by. And you had only to put your nose in the place to realize that they would not improve a cup of afternoon tea. But after thinking about this for a few months as he cut or drilled or stamped his hundreds of thousands, Mr. Dobson realized that such a murder could hardly be accounted an accident, nor was it terribly spectacular.

There followed phases in which Mr. Dobson, pressing his buttons and working his foot pedals, had dreamily visualized boring a hole in Mr. Sprake from behind with a portable drill, pretending to mistake him for a piece of angle-iron, or switching on the power press while Mr. Sprake was sprawled across the bed checking the die, so that he was blanked and pierced instead of a multi-vibrator chassis. These and other schemes had relieved the monotony of factory life for Mr. Dobson, but always something had come up which made the matter inconvenient.

But now at last the opportunity to murder the foreman came, unheralded, with the shifting of the ten-ton brake press. . . .

All Mr. Dobson had to do at first was help place steel rollers under the huge machine while it was manoeuvred from the low-loader, which had brought it to the factory, to the machine shop.

The brake press was a gigantic casting which, now on its back, would stand twelve feet high on a slender base and exert tremendous pressure to form steel bars into intricate shapes.

At last the machine was on the

"It would have been a much better picture — but one of your kidneys moved"

chosen site, and next came the formidable task of raising it from the supine to the vertical. Mr. Dobson had nothing to do with the engineering of this feat, but, as one of eight men working under the maintenance engineer, merely had to do as he was told and not answer back. The head of the machine was gradually raised by a system of blocks and jacks until it reached an angle which put it almost, but not quite, on balance on the back edge of the slender base. The idea then was to rock the machine upright, without allowing it to over-rock and crash on its face the other side. Mr. Dobson was too small to have anything to do with the blocking and jacking, so he was detailed to place restrainer blocks under the base as the casting moved towards the vertical, thus preventing it from rocking over before the gang was ready to hold it.

HE was quietly performing this relatively congenial task when he became aware that, without rehearsal, the scene was set for murder.

The rest of the gang were busy on the lifting side and Mr. Sprake had taken up an authoritative position in the clear space at the front where, eventually, the operator would stand. The foreman was heavily conscious that the works manager, a Mr. Peters, and the chief accountant, Bullings, were watching from a little distance and he felt quite important standing there with a knowledgeable expression of supervision.

Mr. Dobson saw that if the machine rocked over the balance point before the gang was ready, it would almost certainly crash down on Mr. Sprake.

As the brake press came up towards balance, it was Mr. Dobson's responsibility to withdraw the wedge blocks a little at a time, allowing the base to approach the ground as it pivoted on the back edge. Soon the casting reached balance and rocked off the jacks and blocks, so that Mr. Dobson's blocks took the full weight, momentarily, before it rocked back again. It did this twice, the second time remaining on the base blocks a little longer, like a big iron god rocking from heel to toe and back to heel. Mr. Dobson now calculated that if his blocks were not there the third time the machine came forward it would rock right over on to the slender base and its weight would carry it on. Therefore, when Mr. Dobson saw the casting moving down towards his blocks again, he casually brushed them aside and stood back.

"Hold it!" someone at the back shouted. They had all been so busy lifting that they had not yet thought about pulling down or steadying, being confident that the restrainer blocks were in position.

But it was too late to think about holding it. The big casting moved ponderously and majestically over its balance point; it came down from its heels, and by the time it reached the flat of its feet it was moving quite fast and with great momentum. Then it stood on its toes, hesitated, and fell forward like a body falling out of a cupboard.

The moment was marked not by shouts and hysteria, but by the absolute silence of inevitable disaster. Everybody was looking at the machine as it passed over top dead centre and began to fall, and nobody noticed Mr. Sprake, who had chosen that moment to stoop and tie his shoelace. Nobody noticed him, that is, except Mr. Dobson, who was noticing nothing else.

And it was in that moment, with murder almost accomplished, that Mr. Dobson changed his mind. He saw suddenly that it was all going to be over too quickly; at least half the pleasure of murdering the foreman lay in the planning, and this way Mr. Dobson felt that he was cheating himself. Arranging the death of Mr. Sprake had lightened the best hours of his factory life and now he was ending all that with a hasty improvisation.

The ten-ton brake press fell swiftly, but Mr. Dobson was that much swifter. He dived on Mr. Sprake and they landed in an untidy heap as the top edge of the machine embedded itself into the concrete floor two inches from Mr. Dobson's left foot.

"WE can't very well sack him after saving your life, I suppose," the works manager was saying to Mr. Sprake a little later on. "But the man's an utter idiot and should be transferred where he can't do any harm. How about the sales department?"

But Mr. Sprake shook his head. "I couldn't lose Mr. Dobson, sir. He's indispensable."

The foreman was not showing gratitude for having his life saved, nor was he thinking of Mr. Dobson's worth in terms of work done. Mr. Dobson had a far greater value for Mr. Sprake. . . .

When the foreman stepped out of his office after the works manager had gone, Mr. Dobson was standing by the guillotine. He had not yet started work but was reflecting on the reprieve he had granted the foreman, on the opportunity just past and the hundreds of opportunities still to come, and he was holding a steel plate as though about to read a lesson from it.

"Well, Mr. Dobson!" Mr. Sprake called loudly. "Lost count?"

He got his laugh.

Mr. Dobson's face turned bright pink, he switched on the machine with a trembling hand, his foot pressed the pedal, the guillotine blade came down with a satisfying *kerlunk*—and the square of steel dropped into the bin like a head dropping into a basket. Next time we must do it, he thought; no reprieves, no second thoughts. Ah, the joy of it!

THE END

"... and remember, the important thing on this job is always to get the right address"

DARK CONSPIRACY

Continued from page 10

business in the City this night and must hae conveyance thither."

"There's not a hackney will be stirring from his stable today, sir," Mr. Jolly told him, wondering at the gentleman's urgency and agitation. "If it is thick up here 'twill be smothering in London."

"I maun gang into the City this night," reiterated Mr. Baillie obstinately; and with that, before Mr. Jolly could argue further, he retreated up the stairs again.

The fog grew a little thinner with daylight, but thickened again as the winter's day drew to a close.

At five o'clock, Mr. Jolly was summoned again to his lodger's chamber.

"I canna gang, Master Jolly," said the Scotsman, seated in his elbow-chair by the fire and looking really ill. "But there is news I maun hae ere the nicht be spent, and yon news canna be got save in London Toon. Ye maun e'en gang yoursel', Master Jolly, and fetch it for me."

"I, sir!" exclaimed the chandler, aghast. "I make a journey into London in this fog and at this hour? You must excuse me, sir, it cannot be done indeed."

"Ye'll remember me saying, sir," said Mr. Baillie, his aged fingers playing with a bag of coins in his lap, "that I asked naebody to serve me for nought. If ye'll e'en do as I ask, five o' these guineas are yours ere ye set oot, and anither five when ye return, if ye bring me the news I seek."

Mr. Jolly stared at the heap of gold in his lodger's lap. Ten guineas! It was a small fortune to a poor tradesman. And perhaps what he had heard of the dangers and terrors of London Town after dark might have been somewhat exaggerated.

Taking heart from the thought, he stretched out his hand and said: "I'm at your service, sir."

It was fortunate that Mr. Jolly knew every step of the way for the greater part of his journey, because the weather was so thick that otherwise he must have lost himself. It was, nevertheless, an uncomfortable and anxious walk; the fog got into his lungs and made him cough, his eyes smarted, and every now and then, as he crossed the lonely fields, a looming tree put his heart into his mouth with the thought of footpads. It was with a sense of relief that he came upon the lights of the city.

His instructions were clear. He was to present himself at Southampton House, Lord Russell's mansion in Bloomsbury Square, and ask for "Mr. Essex," to whom he would say: "I am sent from Master Baillie to inquire if all is in harmony." He would then be given a message, which he was to take back to Hampstead immediately.

AROUND Bloomsbury Square the fog was a little thinner, and what with this and the blaze of links, Daniel could see something of the part of London into which he was come. It was of the new London, outside the area of the Great Fire, a square of neat, flat-faced brick houses, somewhat Dutch in style. All these houses looked alike in their neatness and suggestion of unpretentious wealth, but Southampton House was impossible to miss. It occupied one whole side of the square, and was protected from the common street by high railings of beautiful ironwork, and a courtyard in which were drawn up a hackney and two private coaches, besides a number of sedans.

The main doors of the house were wide open, and on the threshold hovered a group of flunkeys in various liveries. Daniel approached the nearest lackey and, in a voice made hoarse by fog and nervousness, desired speech with Mr. Essex, adding that he had urgent business with him. The man gave him a hard look, then, telling him sharply to wait, disappeared into the house.

In a few moments, Daniel saw another figure walking briskly across the great hall towards him, a tall, thin, middle-aged gentleman, dressed in a coat which had the fashionably emphasized waist and full skirts, with shortened waistcoat, tight breeches, and fine silk stockings rolled up over the knee.

Daniel stammered out his message, whereupon Essex, without a word, put a hand upon his sleeve and guided him into a little room which opened off the hall.

"You must wait here," said he, not unkindly. "Your vigil may be long, but rest assured you will not be forgotten." With that, he hurried out again and closed the door; Daniel was a little dismayed to hear him lock it on the outside.

Two hours passed by, as Daniel could tell from the chiming of innumerable clocks in different parts of the great house. And then suddenly there was a quick footstep outside, a sound as though someone had set his back hard against the door, and a voice he recognized as belonging to Essex said sharply:

"Your Grace, I implore you, lay by this folly. The fellow is unknown to us, and your tongue is loosened with wine——"

"D'you dare to say I'm drunk, you old Puritan?" demanded another voice. "Out of my way——"

"Russell, you have more influence with him than I," interrupted Essex in great agitation. "Pray get him home ere he hangs us all. Here, Jepson! The Duke of Monmouth's coach instanter. Nay, your Grace, you must——"

"Don't you be giving me orders, my Lord Essex," broke in the other voice in drunken fury. "A fine subject of mine you'll prove when what is to be done is done."

THE harsh grating of the key in the lock interrupted this furious outburst, and Daniel, who had been standing petrified on the other side of the door, leapt back as it was flung open and a young gentleman, with his fine clothes and wig in disorder, his face flushed with wine, and his handsome mouth still twisted in a sneer, was half pushed, half pulled into the room.

"Mr. Howard," panted Essex, in great agitation, to one of the gentlemen who had entered with him, "see that the servants come not hither. Russell, prithee shut the door behind Howard. Such talk in the open hall!"

He seemed to have forgotten the presence of Daniel as, in extremity of agitation, he issued these orders, the while he endeavoured to coax the drunken young man to a chair before the hearth. Daniel, for his part, had no eyes for any of the newcomers except this same drunken young man. Here, his awe-stricken mind informed him, was the outstanding figure in many a public spectacle, dining in state with the Lord Mayor, riding beside the Opposition leader through hysterical mobs, setting forth on semi-royal journeys—James, Duke of Monmouth, the King's eldest and most beloved bastard, the storm-centre of a stormy reign, set up as a rival for the throne of England by the faction which hated the Duke of York!

The extravagance of dress proclaimed the beau—the pure white damask coat and waistcoat, embroidered all over with true-lovers knots, the foolish little muff slung on one arm, the scented peruke, the patches on the handsome face; but that handsomeness, seen thus, was clearly only a veneer; drink had rubbed off the charm and showed all too clearly the weakness behind it, the weakness and the spite and the fathomless vanity.

Forgetting the necessity of receiving a message for Mr. Baillie, Daniel was endeavouring to make an unobtrusive exit from the apartment, when Monmouth, sprawled in his chair, caught sight of him, and waving a heavily beringed hand in his direction, cried to his companions:

"Lord, we had almost forgot our good country bumpkin yonder, him I came hither on purpose to view. Where is my spice-ball, Russell? I protest, he stinks abominably. Yet I'll warrant he is a true Protestant at bottom, and so shall join us in a toast. My good

Essex, where's the wine? Let's whet; here's to the man who first draws his sword against popery and slavery! Come, my fine countryman, stand not there as stiff as a figure in a raree-show, but drink with your future King!"

Before Daniel could make reply, Essex had him by the shoulder and was propelling him out of the room.

His face white and working, he guided the chandler into a chamber where there was a writing-table, and, curtly bidding him wait, sat down and began to write. After a few minutes he rose again, sanded the paper, sealed it with a wafer and, handing it to Daniel, bade him put it safely in his breast.

"Get you back post-haste to Hampstead," he ordered, "and deliver this paper to Mr. Baillie with all speed. As you value your life, guard it well upon your journey, and at whatever hour you reach your home, you must be sure to give it instanter into the hands of your lodger. Do you understand me? Instanter."

It was not until Daniel Jolly had come as far as the Conduit Fields that he had leisure once again to attend to those fears which had beset his outward journey, those terrors connected with being out at night on a lonely road. For until then his simple mind had been striving to digest the astonishing things he had heard and seen at Southampton House.

He had been indeed in the company of the great and mighty; in any other circumstances, how happy and proud would this have made him! But he was neither happy nor proud; he was disgusted by the Duke of Monmouth's behaviour, vaguely terrified by what he had said. Again and again Daniel's memory winced at those words: *"To the man who first draws his sword."* It was no longer any use trying to comfort himself with the conviction that men like Josiah Keeling would not lend their support to anything improper; Josiah Keeling, Daniel remembered too late, was two persons, the sober, substantial merchant, and the fanatic who "arrested" the Lord Mayor of London. Was it not possible, then, that lords like Essex and Russell were dual personalities, and through discontentment, ambition, or fanaticism could be induced to play the game of '41 again? And if in truth there was treason hatching, he, Daniel Jolly, had got himself thoroughly entangled in it. In his breast at this very moment there reposed a message which, if found upon his person, might put his innocent neck in the noose and his family upon the parish.

And as he reflected upon this, as he climbed the steep fields, the fog patchy, drifting, thick as a shroud, his bowels suddenly stirred at the sound of the dreaded and oft-expected challenge: "Stand and deliver!"

He stood; indeed, he was incapable of moving another step. The blood froze in his veins, and a great trembling shook his limbs. Like a man in a nightmare he stared as from round a tree came a figure on horseback, and, as the fog dispersed itself a little, he saw a face masked by a vizard beneath a big slouched hat, and a gauntleted hand which was levelling at him a long horse-pistol.

"Put up your pickers!" continued the voice. "And don't try and squeal, my buzzard, or you'll regret it."

Scarce able to speak for terror, Mr. Jolly managed to stutter wretchedly: "Sir, I protest, I am a poor man, and have no booty on me worth your taking."

"Stow it!" commanded the highwayman. "I'll frisk you and discover for myself. Many a geck has thought to catch me with that tale." He dismounted, and, with his rein over his arm, roughly seized upon Daniel, and with expert fingers began to go through his clothes in search of valuables. "What's here?" he muttered as he worked. "A money-bill, by God!"

"You mistake, sir, you mistake!" cried the anguished Daniel, as the highwayman's exploratory fingers, having come upon the letter in his victim's breast, plucked it forth. "This is no money bill but a letter, a most important letter. 'Twill cost me my life if I miscarry with it!"

"The devil take this dark!" interrupted the highwayman, as he sought unsuccessfully to examine the paper in his hands. "Pearly!" he cried to some accomplice. "Bring a glim here."

From out of the fog loomed a second figure, masked like the first, and carrying in its hand a darkened lantern. The highwayman impatiently snatched off the black rag which shrouded it, and holding it close over the paper, earnestly examined his booty. He had not done so for more than a minute or two before he gave vent to a muttered oath, and ordering his accomplice to stand back, God damn him, became quite absorbed in what he read.

When at last he raised his head, the highwayman astounded Daniel by addressing him with a complete change of tone and manner.

"Friend," said he, in a low voice, "your pardon, but you should have given me the password. Come, tell me your name, fair and honest, and likewise that of the gentleman to whom you carry this."

"My name is Daniel Jolly," replied the chandler, relief struggling with a new bewilderment. "And I am bid carry this letter to a Scottish gentleman who lodges at my house, by name Mr. Baillie. But I know nothing——"

"Baillie," interrupted the other gruffly. "Ay, I know him well." He seized Daniel's arm, and thrusting his masked face close to that of the chandler's, gabbled excitedly: "But tell me, friend, what of the Lopping Point? Here in this letter is brave news enough of the General Point, but not one word of the other. God damn them, they are mad if they think to rise without it."

"Sir," pleaded Daniel, "I do protest I know nothing of what you say. I was bidden carry the letter and deliver it instanter, but I know not what it contains, nothing of these Lopping Points and General Points of which you speak, upon my salvation I do not."

There was silence awhile, as the highwayman, swinging the lantern backwards and forwards across Mr. Jolly's face, seemed striving to make out his expression. Then a huge hand fell upon the chandler's shoulder, and with a rough laugh the tobyman observed:

"You're a close one. But it is a good fault in one of our company, and rare, for there's more clack-dishing among us than can be heard from behind a red-lattice on a Saturday night. Go your ways, friend, and deliver your letter."

Daniel needed no second bidding. As fast as his legs could carry him, he panted towards Hampstead.

Feeling his way along the shop-fronts of Heath Street, he paused under a sign which creaked faintly in the wind, and a sudden resolution came upon him. Raising his fist, he hammered on the door beneath the sign. Presently a window was opened above, and a man's voice asked crossly what was to-do.

"Noll," gasped out the stricken chandler, "for the love of God come down and let me in. I must have a quartern of brandy or I perish."

The voice above exclaimed in surprise, then the window was shut again, and presently footsteps sounded in the downstairs passage, the door was unbolted, and a big man stood there in his shift, with a rushlight in his hand. He said nothing but, putting out a strong hand, drew Daniel within. Then he led the way into the kitchen, set the rushlight down upon the table, and surveyed his friend with the utmost curiosity.

"Pox on't," cried Noll, "what do you abroad at such an hour and on such a pesty night? By your looks, you have seen a ghost, and small wonder, if you will stray at an un-Christian hour when you should be in your bed. Come, drink this, and let it cheer you."

His teeth chattering upon it, Daniel gulped from the glass of brandy which the landlord of the Black Boy and Still extended to him, and as the spirit burned his throat and flowed warmly down his gullet, he began a little to recover himself. But as the height of his panic subsided, a desperate resolve took its place. He knew too much, and yet it was not enough—he must convince himself that all the doings of this night were not part of some evil dream; only so could he know how to act in future. As he related to the sympathetic Noll how he had been sent into London by his lodger with an urgent message, had strayed in the fog, and had been waylaid by highwaymen in the Conduit Fields, the urge to read this mysterious letter grew and grew. So presently, persuading Noll to go and draw him another measure of brandy, he drew out the crumpled letter from his breast, smoothed it out, and began to spell his way through it as fast as he could.

Sir,

Prithee burn this as soon as read, for I have no time to write in ciphers.

'Tis agreed that the General Point be set in action upon the 19th instant, a Sunday being chosen because, the streets being then more full of folk than ordinary, our men may muster unperceived. The rendezvous are various, that which concerns your party being at Bedford House. These have the ordering of the Tower, one body coming thither in coaches on pretence of visiting prisoners, another as sightseers going to view the Armoury and the lions. A quarrel being feigned at the gate is to be the signal for all parties to join and fall on the guards. I would have you note that Dartmouth must be dispatched immediately, for otherwise, if he cannot find another way of resisting, doubtless he will blow up the powder magazine.

The chief posts in London being captured, other of our forces will take the guards in the rear, and yet others, crossing in lighters to Westminster, will assault Whitehall. Immediately upon our first successes, a proclamation is to be read, proclaiming M. as King, and Mr. Roberts's declaration of grievances to be read likewise. Meantime the mobile will be diverted with tales of another Popish plot. My lord asserts that if we can hold London, the country is ours. I have no time to write more, only to urge you to notify your party with all dispatch, the time being exceedingly short.

Your Friend in Harmony,
E.

Scarce had Mr. Jolly come to the end of this letter than his friend returned with the brandy; seeing the pallor on the chandler's face, Noll Smart urged him to drink quickly, while he roused the Watch and had search made for his friend's assailants. But Daniel, gulping down the second measure of spirit, waved this away; he must get home, he said, and that without further loss of time, or his wife would be fit for Bedlam with anxiety. Rising, and squaring his shoulders, he bade Noll a somewhat curt good night and strode out of the tavern looking very fierce.

For since the reading of the letter, his terrors had given place to an honest anger. That he, Daniel Jolly, a respectable, law-abiding shopkeeper, a loyal subject of King Charles, should be so tricked! That he should be forced to run errands for a parcel of low conspirators, however nobly born some of them might be—it was not to be endured for an instant. Rage, combined with the effects of two large measures of brandy on an empty stomach, eclipsed for the time all thought of his personal danger; dishevelled as he was, there was a simple dignity about his stout little figure when at last he entered his house, and made for the lodger's bedchamber.

"Come awa' in," commanded Mr. Baillie, on sight of the chandler. "Whaur the de'il hae ye been, man? I sent ye into the toon when it lacked

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

At the age of nine I was a bridesmaid at a cousin's wedding—but as far as I was concerned I was the bride. It was my first real acting part, before 200 people, and I lived every moment of it. The occasion was only slightly marred by occurring in the week I had a band put across my front teeth.

It was on the way to the dentist, three years before, that I made my entry into the magical world of the theatre. One of the little girls at my dancing class had told me that C. B. Cochran was holding an audition on Tuesday, so I asked Nanny to take the taxi we were in past His Majesty's Theatre.

Asking the driver to stop a minute, I got out, rushed through the stage door, up the stairs past the keeper, and on to the stage.

Cochran was naturally very surprised to see a six-year-old in the middle of his adults' audition, but he let me sing and dance a little. Fortunately, Nanny did not mind.

When I was fourteen, I was in a restaurant with my father, and a man at a nearby table sent over a note: "Are you anything to do with the stage? If so, may I come and talk to you?" It was Oscar Hammerstein II, and he offered me a part in his Drury Lane show, *Ball at the Savoy*. It ran for nine months, during which time Maurice Evans, the star of the show, and I made a quota-quickie film called *Path of Glory* in nine days. A talent scout saw it and offered me £60 a week to go to Hollywood.

So I whizzed off to Hollywood, where I lived a gay yet hardworking life for two years. I played in six films, and, through a ludicrous piece of miscasting, in *The Werewolf in London* I played the mother of a child aged twelve. At the time my age was seventeen!

Returning home, I went to a party on my eighteenth birthday. It was given to celebrate the opening of Pinewood Studios. Next to me was a most attractive man, who turned to me and said: "You know, you've never been properly cast. Would you come into a film I'm producing?" I said: "Yes," and a few months later I said "Yes" again—and married him.

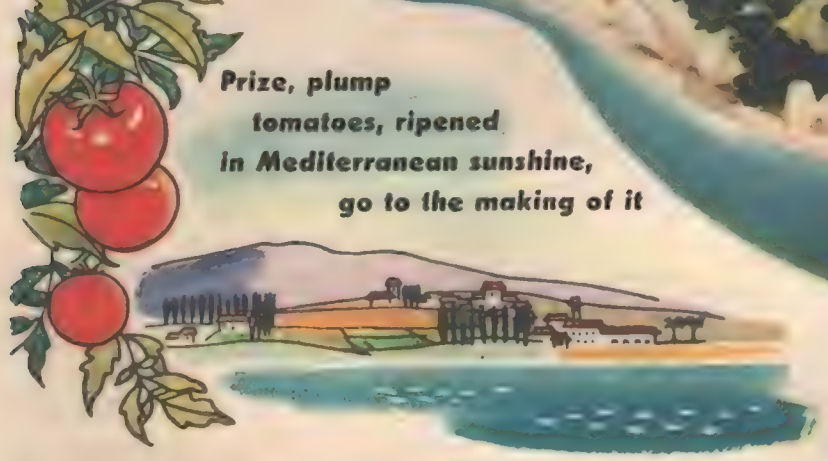
She is now a leading British film star. For her name, turn to page 30

Ah-that spicy, true-tomato flavour fairly wakens up your appetite!

IT'S UNIQUE—THE SHEER GOODNESS OF KRAFT TOMATO KETCHUP

Sausages Milanaise

Boil quick macaroni with a small chopped onion. Strain, put into serving dish and arrange sausages, grilled or fried, on top. Serve with Kraft Tomato Ketchup. Decorate with chopped parsley.



Prize, plump tomatoes, ripened in Mediterranean sunshine, go to the making of it

THE SUPERB FLAVOUR of Kraft Tomato Ketchup—delicately spicy and with that unmistakable, appetizing tang of fresh tomatoes—is something you notice at once.

Kraft know the secret of making ketchup with just the right flavour. First, prime tomatoes, grown and ripened in the sunshine of a Mediterranean valley—then the carefully selected spices, the blending and simmering in fine vinegar. Kraft Tomato Ketchup is *good!*

Serve Kraft Tomato Ketchup with cold meat or fish. Use it to give extra savour to stews and made-up dishes. Ask for Kraft, next time you're buying ketchup. It's 1/5d. a bottle from your grocer.

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- **Make tasty sandwiches with Kraft Tomato Ketchup and cream cheese or minced cold meat.**
- **Cheese Dreams (fried cheese sandwiches) crowned with a splash of Kraft Tomato Ketchup.**

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MADE BY KRAFT FOODS LTD., HAYES, MIDDX. *Makers of Kraft Salad Cream, Kraft Sandwich Spread, etc.*

The Exploits of 'ENERGY ERNIE'
BRITISH TEAM HAVE SCRATCHED. TRAIN HELD UP BY AVALANCHE
I'D LIKE TO SKI FOR MY COUNTRY M'SIEU!
BUT YOU ARE TOO, TOO LEETLE!
ZESE MAD, MAD ENGLEESH!
FIN DU COURS
NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE M'SIEU, WHEN YOU...
SET IS IMPOSSIBLE! BUT YOU HAVE BROKE ZE RECORD.
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seven o' the clock, and noo 'tis after midnight. Whaur's yon letter?"

This insult added to injury merely fanned the flame of Daniel's rage. He strode to the table, and swinging round upon his lodger, wagged at him a shaking finger.

"You may well ask where I've been, sir," cried he. "You may well ask that, and I will tell you. I have been this night upon the nastiest business ever an honest man was bubbled into undertaking, and I trust the Lord will forgive you for it, for I shall not. I am poor and humble, sir, yet I would have you know that I value my reputation as an honest, peaceable subject of my Sovereign Lord, the King, and am not, sir, to be made the tool of plotters, be they great lords or Scottish gentlemen or ruffianly highwaymen, and so I tell you fair and square!"

Mr. Baillie regarded him with his head on one side.

"Losh, I'm thinking ye're a wee bitie foxed, Master Jolly," said he mildly. "Ay, aiblins they gave ye a glass o' strong liquor at Southampton Hoose, and it's undone ye."

Heedless of the Scotsman's conciliatory manner, Daniel flung the crumpled letter on the table.

"The seal is broke, but not by me. I was stopped by a highwayman in the Fields. He bade me offer you his apologies, and seemed to think you would not take it amiss," added Daniel significantly.

"Is that a fact?" remarked the lodger, not at all put out. "The guid Lord, Master Jolly, makes use o' unlikely instruments for His ain wise purposes, and is still the friend o' publicans and sinners. Did the highwayman tell ye what was in this letter?"

"He told me enough to assure me that the letter contains somewhat that I like not at all. You may choose to consort with tobymen, sir, and name them the Lord's instruments. I for my part am a plain man and name them rogues, howsoever they may enjoy the confidence of gentlemen. And I must tell you, sir," continued Daniel, suddenly heartened by his own boldness, "that things having come to this pass, I can no longer afford you the hospitality of my house, and would be obliged if you would quit it in the morning."

"We'll speak o' it the morn," answered Mr. Baillie abstractedly; he was now altogether engrossed in reading Essex's letter. "Awa' wi' ye noo, ma guid mannie, and leave argy-bargying. Stay, here's the rest o' your fee for the errand; tak' it and gang awa' to your bed."

DANIEL slept fitfully, troubled by nightmares. His resolution to get rid of his lodger was, however, more fixed than ever when he awoke, and as soon as he had risen and dressed, he went straight to Mr. Baillie's room and rapped upon the door.

"Sir," said he abruptly, "the fog is cleared, and you may travel abroad without inconvenience. Therefore, under your favour, I will order a hackney for you and your goods."

"You're unco' anxious to be rid o' me," replied Mr. Baillie, with a rueful smile, "but nae doot ye ken your ain business best. If ye'll bring me something to eat, I'll pack and gang wi'oot loss o' time. But ye'll oblige me, I'm sure, wi' one last favour. Will ye carry this letter to Chairlie Weems at the Bowling Green? Ye may order a hackney at the same time."

Mr. Jolly readily complied and hastened up to the Bowling Green without staying for his own breakfast. Returning to his shop, he once more mounted the stairs to his lodger's chamber. Mr. Baillie was sitting slumped in his elbow-chair, with his valises ready strapped up beside him, and his little strong-box clutched in his lap. His wizened face looked ghastly in the morning light, and his frail old hands, blue-veined and delicate, trembled violently as they lay clasped upon the box. He turned his head feebly at his landlord's entrance and attempted a smile.

"What's this, sir? You are mighty sick," said Daniel anxiously, his kind heart upbraiding him for his decision to get rid of so infirm a lodger.

"A wee bitie, a wee bitie," gasped the Scotsman. "Oblige me, Master Jolly, by lending me your arm doon the stair—so—I'll manage fine, even if 'tis a wee bit slowly."

Having settled his account for the remainder of his rent, Mr. Baillie, assisted by his landlord on one side and Phoebe on the other, limped feebly through the shop; but just as he was about to go past the outer door, he seemed taken by another faintness, and but for the supporting arms on either side, would have fallen. The coachman, who by now had got his passenger's valises into the boot, took one look at the old man's face, then said to Mr. Jolly: "You had best come with us, neighbour, and see him safe delivered. He goes at his own risk, mind you, and if he's a dead 'un by the time we reach the City, I am minded to have a witness that it's no fault of mine."

And Mr. Baillie, now partially recovered, feebly entreated the chandler to do him the charity of seeing him safe to his destination, promising that he should return instantly in the hackney at the Scotsman's expense.

THAT was how Mr. Jolly, red in the face with annoyance, just as he was—in his shirt-sleeves, without cap or coat—found himself jolting down Heath Street on another journey to London Town.

During the journey, Mr. Jolly was so intent on observing his fellow passenger, dreading lest at any moment he should expire before his eyes, that he had no leisure to look out of the hackney to see whither they were going. When, at last, the carriage came to a halt and Daniel let down the sash, it was to observe that they had stopped in a narrow street before a tavern, which bore the sign of the Horse Shoe.

When they were come into the entrance, Mr. Baillie, racked by another fit of coughing, made a weak gesture towards the staircase, and when they had got him up to the first landing, guided them towards a closed door. Releasing his arm from the coachman's, but keeping a firm hold of Daniel's, he lifted his silver-knobbed cane and rapped with it upon the panels. With a sudden shiver, Mr. Jolly recognized the manner of the knocking; there were two soft raps, then three loud ones, then two soft again. It was the same signal as that given upon Mr. Baillie's door at Hampstead when the burly man and the one with the wooden leg had come to call upon him last month. The door was opened by someone unseen, and, still supported by his two companions, the ancient gentleman went feebly yet hurriedly into the room.

A man, the sole occupant of the apartment, had returned to a table by the window after opening the door, and now sat there, saying nothing, but staring straight at Daniel. And now the vague alarm which had been

THE HUMAN MACHINE

See it through

AT the siege of Douai, when Louis XIV wanted to retire from the firing line, one of his generals checked him. "The wine is poured," he said, "and you must drink it."

In other words, once you take on a job you should see it through, whatever the cost. The capacity to carry responsibility is a true measure of a man's worth. If you're not prepared to finish a job, don't start it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"But I don't *want* to live as cheaply as one"

aroused in the chandler by Mr. Baillie's manner of rapping on the door rose higher and became less vague; for the man at the table was that same fox-coloured gentleman with the hooded eyes and sharp, yellow teeth whom he had encountered near Newgate when he had gone to visit Josiah.

Snatching his arm from the Scotsman's, Daniel made for the door; but there, straddling before it, biting the end of his long whip, he found the hackney coachman, who, grinning unpleasantly, made no move to stand aside. As Daniel was about to order him to do so, a voice spoke from the other side of the room.

"Nae sae fast, Master Jolly, nae sae fast," said the voice of Mr. Baillie, and it was no longer feeble, nor yet kindly. "Allow me to present to ye ma friend, Mr. Aaron Smith, a canny lawyer of whom ye may hae heard, since he had the honour to be counsel to Dr. Titus Oates and assisted him in a' his evidence. Noo, Mr. Smith, it grieves me sore to hae to tell you that I've a charge to mak' against oor friend here. He has ten guineas o' mine, which he stole frae ma strong-box whiles I was unco' sick. I had to bring him hither by a wee deception, being altogether in his power at Hampstead."

"It is a lie!" shouted Daniel violently. "A damnable, hellish lie, and I marvel that you, sir, are not struck dead this instant for daring to utter it."

"D'ye deny that ye hae ten guineas o' mine, Master Jolly?" inquired the ex-lodger softly.

"I do not deny it," stoutly replied the chandler. "But, as you very well know, sir, you gave it to me, freely and unasked."

"He *gave* it to you?" echoed Aaron Smith, with an unpleasant laugh. "Nay, come, sir, you must do better than that, you know. For what possible reason could a gentleman like Mr. Baillie give you this huge sum?"

"Did you not send me to Southampton House, sir, but last night, with a message to a Mr. Essex? And did you not give me ten guineas for my pains, five ere I set out, and five when I returned? Have you the face to deny this, sir? Have you, I say?"

"Ye were guid enough," replied Mr. Baillie gently, "to offer to carry a message for me to my Lord Essex, whose friend I hae the honour to be, and for yon service I gave ye a shilling. Guid grief, man, if I needed to send ye to the Americas and back, it wadna hae cost me ten guineas."

"But I will tell you why it cost you that sum to send me to Southampton House," raged Mr. Jolly, now thoroughly desperate and reckless; "'twas because you and your fine Lord Essex were hatching beastly treason, as I know, sir, because, let me inform you now, I read the letter he sent you, after I had been waylaid by a toby-man, your friend, and he had broke the seal."

"What's this?" interposed the lawyer sharply. "What is this I hear you say, fellow? You own you carried a letter containing matter of treason? Have you notified a magistrate of this? Pray don't let me hear that you have suppressed knowledge of this kind, else I fear me you are altogether undone!"

Then, indeed, it penetrated into Daniel's mind that this was a trap, that he had walked straight into it, and could see no way of getting out.

"If you are wise, sir," continued the lawyer, those pale eyes of his glinting with laughter, "you will say nought of this matter outside these walls. Though the theft of ten guineas may transport you to the plantations, at least it will not bring you to the quartering-block, as might misprision of treason. You, fellow," he added, addressing the hackney coachman, "summon a constable, and say to him that there is a hackney waiting here in readiness for the conveyance of a prisoner to the Poultry Compter, and that if he will be good enough to step up to this apartment, I will acquaint him with the charge."

On Monday morning, Daniel Jolly awoke in jail with a fathomless depression. By this time he had convinced himself that his innocence would afford him no protection against the malice of his enemies, so that even the thought of being taken before a magistrate failed to hearten him. Therefore, when the turnkey led him across the yard and into the porter's lodge, where a smith was waiting to knock off his fetters, his surprise was nothing to the blank bewilderment with which he heard the porter tell him to get him gone out of the jail, for he was free.

"Free?" gasped the chandler stupidly.

"That's what I said," replied the porter impatiently.

"I cannot understand . . ." faltered Mr. Jolly. "The charge against me——"

"Is withdrawn," interrupted the porter, more impatiently than ever. "The gentleman who accused you has withdrawn it—why, I know not; so waste not my time in asking questions, but run away fast and make room for your betters." And with that, he pushed Mr. Jolly through the wicket in the gate and slammed it after him.

Mr. Jolly could make neither head nor tail of what had happened to him. He had been cast into jail on a serious charge on the Friday and released unconditionally on the Monday. It was the incredible climax to a chain of events that were beyond his simple wits. He must, he resolved, have someone to talk to. Yet to whom should he appeal? He no longer trusted Josiah Keeling. . . . But what of Phoebe's lover, the young gallant who wooed her so assiduously? He was a scholar and a gentleman and, moreover, attached to the Court. He was an adventurous young man, too, if the old chandler was not much mistaken. And there and then Mr. Jolly resolved to get in touch with Derrick Calder without delay.

To be continued next week

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THE NAKED ISLAND

Continued from page 15

forgotten existed. It was Harry Witherford, an officer friend I had met in Changi prison camp, Singapore.

Leading me firmly round the back of a hut, he gave me bananas and boiled eggs—bought on the spot from a Thai—which I devoured frantically lest they vanish. Though I live to be a thousand, the memory of that gift after months of want will never leave me.

Kanchinaburi turned out to be a hotbed of M.T. malaria. M.T. stands for malignant tertian. It wreaks fearful havoc among sick men who are not safeguarded with nets and quinine.

As was inevitable, my turn came, and I found myself too weary with fever to move or eat. Soon I became delirious. I thought I read a book. It was a most excellent book, except that when I reached out my hand to turn over the page it was not there.

With a jerk I would return to reality—but only for a second. Then I was off again, reading. A hundred times I reached out to turn pages. And a hundred times I awoke again. But the book always won—until one night I was very hot and my mother came to put cool cloths on my head. I knew she should not be there, but when I argued, she just laughed and called gently, and my sister also appeared.

Dreamed I Was Chased

Now I was in trouble. Both my mother and sister in Thailand! All night I led them between huts and behind trees and across cool streams, using all the skill in outwitting the Japanese that the last two years had taught me. And, at the last moment, we found a small boat; I handed them into it, and they sat down. As they sat, a guard leaped upon me, seizing my wrist; so, with one kick, I shoved the boat out into the stream and it rushed quickly away with the tide, with my mother and sister sitting quite still, facing me, dry-eyed.

The grip on my wrist tightened. I turned to deal with my assailant. "It's M.T.," I heard a voice say. "Give him some atebrine or we'll have another cerebral case on our hands."

Cerebral malaria! The noise like baboons—only it was men. That dispelled all my dreams. From that moment I ate everything and eagerly awaited my half-tablet of the precious atebrine a day and went to sleep only grudgingly lest my control of consciousness should slip again. I did not want to shout like a baboon.

A few days later it was all finished. "You're a bright one," said my friend Hugh Moore with a grin. "Silly as a two-bob watch, you were."

Water was always the difficulty. When it rained, everyone stood or lay under the pouring eaves of the huts and scrubbed themselves clean. But when it didn't rain, then even to get enough water to drink was a problem. One man in particular, I remember, understood the value of water.

Soon after I recovered from my first bout of M.T. malaria, I came down with a second attack, in the course of which I returned to my "book-reading." At that time we had had a rainless week. Water was at a premium. I needed gallons of it.

One day I became aware of the soft clang of a mug against tin, then the splashing of water. At first I thought this noise was as non-existent as my "book." Finally, unable to stand it any longer, I turned my head.

Beside me stood an Australian—Snowy, we called him. In his right hand he held a can of water; in his left a mug, which he constantly filled and poured slowly back into the can.

"Want a drink, mate?" he asked. I explained to him that if I had to choose between a bagful of diamonds and a drink of water, I'd take the drink. He grinned understandingly.

"Give us your mug, then," he said. I struggled upright and found my mug. He dipped his own mug into the water . . . cool, it looked . . . and held it over mine, ready to pour. My tongue curled drily, like a roll of sandpaper, back against the roof of my mouth. Then:

"Got ten cents on you, mate?" Snowy suddenly asked. As I looked uncomprehendingly at him, he added: "It's ten cents a mug, you know."

He looked at me shrewdly, his eyes hard, as I rebelled at the thought. He poured the water slowly back into the can. "Take it or leave it, mate," he said. "Ten cents ain't much, and a man's gotta live. I mean, gotta get dough for a smoke somehow, ain't I?"

"I haven't got ten cents," I told him, which was true, "so shove off."

I.O.U. For Water

I lay back. The water splashed, a long, slow trickle again, just behind me.

"You could give me an I.O.U., mate," the flat nasal voice urged. "I got one here. All you gotta do is sign."

"I haven't got a pencil," I said. I was struggling against the temptation of this usury. I didn't want any part of it. Except the water. And Snowy knew that; and he knew he had me, because he'd caught so many hundreds of fever and cholera sufferers before me.

"I gotta pencil," he said, "indelible," and thrust on to my chest a grubby form. It read:

"I the undersigned hereby promise to pay on demand the sum of 10 cents or upon return to Australia £1 (one pound). *Signed*. . . . . ."

One pound for a mug of water! "Snowy," I told him, "you're a good business man," and signed. He replied: "Thanks, mate. One pint of misuwa coming up." I drank deeply. Altogether, during that period of fever, I bought £112 worth of water.

When, two years later, I got back to Australia, one of the first letters I received was a demand for £112. I wrote Snowy a polite note saying that I should be enchanted to pay him, every penny of it, so long as he would meet me in Sydney where we might both be photographed by the Press—I giving him a cheque for £112, he handing me a receipt for £112, money paid for water received. I thought that, as a tale of comradeship in arms, it would read well. Snowy did not reply.

Terai Reveals Himself

I had just recovered from this latest bout of fever when into the hut strode Terai—a Terai resplendent in a dove-grey tunic and breeches and glittering black boots. I had seen other Japanese officers wearing this uniform, but they had been members of the Kempei-Tai (Secret Police)—not pro-British war-haters as Terai was thought to be.

"Well, Mr. Braddon, I have finished my play," he said. He handed me a roll of typescript. "You will read it and tell me your criticism?" I nodded, and, with a smile, he left.

Slowly I unrolled the neat typescript. Strange bloke, this Terai. Pro-British, some said. Got violin strings, which were scarce as all hell, for the concert party; but couldn't ever get quinine, of which there was tons, for the railway workers. Went to a lot of trouble to keep you informed about your friends in other camps; then spent days trying to trick you into admitting that you got news from an illicit radio.

I glanced at the introduction of the play. It observed that British, American and Dutch prisoners of war had worked with Nippon on the glorious project of the Thailand Railway. By completing it, they had atoned for the accumulated sins of their forefathers in the East and had also imbibed sufficient culture from their guards to raise themselves on to a higher spiritual plane.

I grunted at that. Either this Terai was the most superb satirist of Japanese propaganda or he was the most fanatical—and cunning—purveyor of it.

An hour later, I finished the play itself. The dialogue was hopeless; the English poor; the plot fatuous. It concerned Allied p.o.w.s who, after working with a noble Japanese guard on the railway, became convinced that the Japanese way of life was quite the best and the British way of life quite the worst. It was a very bad play.

Terai arrived next day, and I was no longer in any doubt about him.

"You have read my play, Mr. Braddon?" he asked. I nodded.

"And . . . ?" he queried.

"Lousy," I told him—and enjoyed it.

"Lousy, Mr. Braddon?" His face was questioning, although a glimmer of angry understanding lurked in his eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Terai. Lousy! *Warui, tidak bagus*, No. 10." I elucidated in all the other languages, including his own, that he was likely to understand. I held out the play. With carefully suppressed fury, he took it . . . slowly.

"Nothing personal, of course, Mr. Terai," I added sweetly.

"Of course not, Mr. Braddon. I am most interested in your views," he said. "Most interested," and left.

I didn't see Terai ever again; but when the war ended with Japan's unconditional surrender, he was one of the lamentably few who obeyed the Nipponese injunction never to be captured alive. He attempted hari-kari—which was an odd thing for a man who was pro-British and anti-war to do.

Songs That Stirred

As the weeks rolled on, the incredible mental resilience of the men in Kanchinaburi reasserted itself. They were rotten with ulcers, torn with dysentery and fever, yet slowly the haunting numbness of the past year vanished from their eyes and the future came to have some meaning.

And one night the English in the next hut suddenly started singing. Not just one, but the lot. Good, clear young voices. Young—that was it. It was the first time for months that it had occurred to me that we who looked wizened enough to be a thousand were still young. They sang the inevitable chorus in their warm men's voices:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams . . ."

and, when they finished that—and in the silence you could hear every man in the camp listening—they swung, by some strange mass instinct, into:

"When they sound the last all-clear,
How happy, my darling, I'll be . . ."

and at that the next hutful of Pommies joined in, and the next with those, and the worst of Thailand was over.

NEXT WEEK: Back to Singapore—and life in a bleak concrete "Alcatraz"

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

THE YOUNG RISK ALL

Continued from page 16

asked a girl to wait for me. I was going to make my pile at the droving game in no time at all. The girl had sense. Married a chap in a Government job, here in the Alice. Regular salary, nice home—everything. The chap was my young brother. They're both dead a long while, but they were happy and they didn't rot out their lives." McDowd swung his glance to Crawford. "That was Carrie's mother."

Crawford rolled a cigarette. Presently he said: "I'll promise you one thing, Nugget: this will be different. If my mates and I aren't on target with our first run, we quit. We can't stake ourselves to second chances." He looked up, grinning. "But we'll win, you know. This is 1950. The horseless carriage has come to stay."

The stars were out when the old man and Carrie rode back to town. He looked at her, cantering beside him under the blue-and-silver night. The happiness on her seemed as luminous, as remote from him, as the stars themselves. He knew then what he must do for her. It was simple. It fitted the bushman's code which said that no man should burden others when his end was near.

They rode into the abrupt dazzle of the little town and reined in by the post office.

By the porch light, McDowd read the two letters that were waiting in his mailbox. One contained a cheque, a droving fee for the last mob of cattle he had brought to railhead. There was a brief line of thanks from the station boss, but no mention of further work. The second letter was from a man 200 miles out to the nor'east, beyond the Sandover. It cancelled an arrangement for McDowd to work a mob down to the Alice. The excuse was plausible, but he read through it. The word was already around the out-stations that his strength was failing.

He stuffed the letters in his pocket and held out the cheque to Carrie. "Put it in the bank for me tomorrow."

"But you're not pulling out, Nugget?"

"Have to. Over that-away." His thin hand vaguely indicated the western half of Australia. "Job with an old friend o' mine."

Carrie swung down from the saddle and came close to him. "It's not—not because you're mad about Vince and me?"

"Don't be daft. I've got a job to do."

"I wish you wouldn't. It's time you gave up, Nugget. One day soon I'm going to make a home, and there'll be a place in it for you. I mean that."

He closed her fingers over the cheque. "Don't forget to bank that. I forget what's in the account. Maybe seven hundred pounds. Not much after forty years' bullocking, is it? It's for you, for that home. Got to have things pretty nice if you expect me to come and camp with you."

He held her lightly by the shoulders, and his lips touched her cheek. He tried to recall another night, when he had said goodbye to Carrie's mother. But the memory of that old hurt was dim.

He was away in the picaninny dawn, before the townspeople could see him, heading into a tawny wilderness of sand plain and buck-bush.

THE third night out, he lay awake on his blankets. The pain over his heart was almost gentle in its persistence. It sharpened his perception of his surroundings. There was a faint, high mist against the stars. He could sense the unrest of a nocturnal life that read the sky with him. The sharp-snouted bandicoot, the marsupial mole, the soft-coated kangaroo mice knew that the rain-clouds were massing, somewhere beyond the northern horizon, for an out-of-season deluge. Twice before he had seen it—the brief, ferocious downpour that made rivers and transformed deserts. It would be right to see it a third and last time.

He turned the mare next day towards

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the nor'-east, heading across a plain of clumpy spinifex grass that seemed as featureless as a calm sea. But he rode with certainty, and by noon a group of pinnacle rocks on a small knoll showed up ahead.

When he made their shelter, the pall of a slow-moving storm had blackened half the sky.

He close-hobbled the mare against the overhang of a tor. He could hear the deep moan of the wind now. Light was draining out of the day, and the rain was coming over the land as a grey wall.

It was after midnight when the hammering intensity of the storm began to ease. The sky cleared, and a waning moon gleamed on water that was inches deep across the plain. To the horizon, the land shimmered with the movement of a shallow flood that followed a barely perceptible slope to the east.

THE morning came, cloudless and warm. McDowd ate a cold breakfast, washed down with rum and water, and fed the last ration of oats to the mare. There would be new pasture ahead, and the journey was almost over.

He rode through the rain-heavy sand towards the great depression of the Kannawinjee country. There were schoolroom maps which marked the Kannawinjee as a river. McDowd was one of the few white men who had ever seen it flow with water. For most of the time it was an arid wrinkle across the inland immensity, one hundred miles long and seven wide, covered with groves of dead trees, stretches of clay-pan, and meandering channels of sand.

He wanted to see its re-birth. First, the running of the flood, then the quick growth of young grass along the rim, the waters ebbing to lagoons that mirrored the sky, the cicadas in deafening song and the parrots in massed flight. It would be the place for a last camp.

The picture was opening before him. The white treetops, rising from a brown, wide turbulence of water. . . .

McDowd reined in the mare abruptly. There was a garish intrusion on the scene. Just short of the Kannawinjee's flood line, Crawford's big scarlet road train stood axle-deep in the mud of its own track. Three men were trying to dig the wheels clear. McDowd rode up.

A haggard and unshaven Crawford came to meet him. "G'day, Nugget. Thought we had the whole Territory to ourselves after that storm. How long d'you reckon before this dries enough to let a truck through?"

McDowd dismounted stiffly. "A month, I'd say."

Crawford's mouth tightened. "Then we've had it. We've got freight aboard for Harris's, and there's a backload of fat beef promised us on Onaranka Station. All we had to do was get through on time this first run. . . ." He groped for his tobacco pouch. "It's a laugh for you old hands. Crawford's horseless carriage comes to stay. It'll be the best joke ever told on the pedal wireless."

McDowd said nothing. Crawford called to his mates. They came up from under the truck.

"This is Joe Galewski, Nugget. Used to fly alongside us with a mad, bloody Polish squadron in England. This is Billy Amesbury, from London. He was my navigator."

The Londoner was the youngest of the three, a fair-skinned lad with a shy smile; but it was the Pole who held McDowd's attention. He was a massive figure, with a smile of gentle melancholy in his dark eyes.

Galewski said: "She'll grip now, Vince. You want to get going?"

"No hurry," Crawford told him. "Nugget says the track'll be out for weeks."

They exchanged glances, not speaking for a while. Amesbury wiped the mud from his hands on a length of cotton waste. He had soft, white hands.

He said: "That means we've had it, eh? Shall I call old Harris on the radio and tell him the party's off?"

"Later. Nobody listens for messages before sundown." Crawford turned to McDowd. "We'll brew some tea. You'll camp with us, of course?"

"No. I'll be on my way."

"On your way! What you going to do—swim?"

McDowd hesitated. He couldn't tell these fellows that he had no destination beyond the Kannawinjee. He said: "I'll just poke round for a likely place where a horse can walk across in a day or two. The level drops fast when the flow's off."

Crawford smiled. "Hear that, you blokes? All you need is a horse—and forty years' know-how."

McDowd stayed for the inevitable pannikin of tea. Then he rode on, keeping near the lip of the flood. The drainage of thousands of square miles filled the Kannawinjee now. It was a sight that cattlemen dreamed of in the Territory, but the expected pleasure was not in it for McDowd. He kept thinking of Carrie, and of the new bitterness on Crawford's mouth.

He had gone half a mile from the truck when the pain stabbed at him. He slid from the saddle and knelt in the sand, clutching at his heart while the world darkened.

The pain eased gradually. He wiped the sweat from his face. The sand was warm, and there were a few clumps of cotton-bush nearby where the mare could browse. He lay back, taking slow, cautious breaths. Presently, he slept.

WHEN he awoke, the sun was slanting low. Somewhere far off, the sound of a single-engined aircraft hammered on the sky. McDowd sat up cautiously. Galewski was walking towards him, leading the mare.

"Hi, there, Mr. McDowd. Saw your horse straying. I suppose that plane worried her. You all right?"

"Of course. Just took a nap."

Galewski squatted on his heels, watching McDowd. "The boys are going to talk on the radio. Vince wondered if you'd like to take on the droving of Harris's cattle, seeing that we're stuck and you aim to swim through."

"Thanks. But I'm not looking for work. Not this trip."

"I guessed that." Galewski traced patterns in the sand with a stubby finger. "I was a doctor once, Mr. Nugget. In Warsaw."

"What you getting at?"

"I mean that you came out here to die."

McDowd narrowed his eyes, stared

NOW YOU KNOW

DIAMOND cleaning is a jeweller's job, but most stones in your jewellery you can clean yourself.

A gentle wash in warm, soapy water, plus a few drops of ammonia, visibly brightens a single stone setting. Clusters and rarer stones—ruby, garnet, amethyst, sapphire or emerald—need a paste of ammonia and whiting. When dry, brush off and polish with a soft cloth.

Another way is to lay the stones in methylated spirits or petrol for a few minutes to remove grease. Then gently brush the stones with a soft brush of badger hair.

"Now, *think hard* . . ."

at the sunlight on the water. "S'pose a man can do what he likes at my age."

Galewski shook his head. "Not at any age, I think."

Both men stood up. The trivial drone of the plane had come nearer. Presently they located it in the silvered flash of a wing. An ancient biplane, not more than a hundred feet up, was circling above the truck.

"That'll be Connellan's Tiger Moth," said McDowd. "Someone's hired it to sight-see the flood. Press photographer, maybe." He spat. "Make a nice picture for the city papers."

The plane levelled off from its near-vertical turn, dipped a wing in salute, and puttered off slowly to the east.

Galewski put a hand on McDowd's shoulder. "You said that tomorrow maybe you can find a place where a horse could walk through this water. What chance would there be of driving our truck through such a place?"

McDowd shook his head. "A mighty thin chance."

"But still a chance, maybe?" Galewski persisted. "Remember, those boys can't lose more than they'll lose if they turn back from here."

McDowd was looking beyond him. Crawford was jog-trotting through the sand towards them. Occasionally he waved an arm to attract their attention. They began to walk towards him.

He came up, grinning, thrusting a crumpled piece of paper towards McDowd. "Carrie sends you her love, Nugget," he said.

McDowd smoothed out the letter, and read:

"Vince darling,

I'm writing this in Connellan's hangar at the Alice. They're going to fly me out any minute to look for you. I've been worried since the radio reported the big storm. If the flood stops you from getting through —even if you lose the road train and all the contracts in the world, it won't matter, my darling. I'll drop this to you if we find you somewhere where we can't land. Come back soon. I'll be waiting. CARRIE."

There was a postscript shakily written in pencil. "Just saw Nugget's black mare. Nothing to worry about if Nugget is with you. He'll get you through. Going on now to land at Harris's and wait for you. Give Nugget my love, and take care of him."

McDowd's hand trembled as he passed the note back. He didn't say a word, but just took the reins of the mare from Galewski and began to walk slowly towards the truck.

Next day was a time of fantasy. The Kannawinjee was a sea of glittering calm in the intense sunlight. Thin white boles of old desert trees laid their twisted reflections on the water. The shores were lost under a shimmer of heat. McDowd rode the mare belly-deep in the water. The road train roared and lurched slowly behind.

They began the crossing at sunrise, and made half a mile in the first hour. There were long pauses, with the floor-boards of the truck awash, while McDowd probed ahead for the shallowest channels and the firmest going. He aimed to lead the way across what he remembered as the broadest and shallowest part of the Kannawinjee bed.

At noon they came on to the ridge of gravel for which he had been making. It was firm, with no more than two feet of water over it. This gained them three easy miles, but the ridge then petered out.

Crawford cut the labouring motor. Amesbury and Galewski waded forward to join McDowd. Crawford watched the water rising against their legs. He looked away, frowning. Presently the others came back. McDowd dismounted without a word and they all climbed into the bunkhouse. Amesbury brewed tea on the spirit stove, and nobody spoke until the hot, black brew was in the pannikins.

McDowd said: "There's a channel ahead, and the flood scoured it deeper than I expected."

"How deep?" Crawford asked.

"Five feet, for sixty paces, then it begins to shallow," Amesbury told him. "You can't put her through five feet of water, Vince."

"I know it. She just parks here for —what was it you said, Nugget? Three weeks, with luck?"

McDowd's chin jutted. "You going to let a few extra inches of water beat you now?"

"What can we do?"

"Do! You get your axes on to the dead timber that's staring you in the face, and you lay it in the bloody channel and you weight it with gravel till you've raised yourself a track across."

Crawford nodded. His tight mouth relaxed. "Why the hell didn't you tell us before? You let us sit here thinking we were beaten."

McDowd smiled faintly. "I never thought of it," he said; and then something happened to the smile. It went lopsided. With a sense of surprise, McDowd saw the faces slanting away.

He regained consciousness with the realization that the truck was in jolting movement over dry ground. A light swung from the bunkhouse roof, casting shadows on the two figures leaning over him.

"Take it easy, Nugget," Crawford said. "We're out of the Kannawinjee. Bill Amesbury's driving on a compass course that ought to bring up the lights of the Harris homestead any minute."

"My mare—you left her?"

Galewski smiled. "Not likely. She's riding in a trailer, like they do with racehorses."

McDowd sat up. "Then stop a minute and let both of us out. Where's my pants?"

"Not so fast," Galewski said. "Vince has been talking on the wireless. We reckoned too many people in the Territory don't think three new chums in a road train are a sound proposition in the haulage business, so when Vince gets through to Mr. Harris on the radio he tells him that Nugget McDowd has become head of this partnership."

McDowd glared. "You said I'd given up horses for this stink-can? I can go you for libel on that. The whole damn' Territory will have heard you, from Alice to Wave Hill."

Galewski nodded, smiling. "So we figured. Good advertisement, eh?"

Crawford spoke quietly, humbly. "We can build a fourth bed in here. There's room alongside the radio. We'd be very grateful if you'd consider it."

"Thanks, son. Nice of you. But I have an appointment." McDowd glanced at Galewski. "He knows about it."

"Appointments can sometimes be postponed," Galewski said; "especially if one is needed by one's friends."

"And more especially," Crawford put in, "if one isn't set on being damn' stubborn and independent."

McDowd looked him over critically, then turned his glance to where Carrie's picture showed dimly on the wall. He said: "If you don't stop bullying me, young Crawford, I'll resign from this partnership. What's more, I won't come to your wedding." THE END

New STAR BLADES guarantee perfect shaves for nearly twice as long!

STAR give smoother, closer shaves because they're "Duridium-Processed"

(ASO.)

With all respect to your present blades, you can't possibly know what a *really* clean, *really* smooth shave is — until you've tried these new "duridium-processed" Star double-edge blades. They are the only "duridium-processed" blades made — which means they definitely give smoother, closer shaves than any others — and for *nearly twice as long!*

WHAT EXACTLY IS "DURIDIUM-PROCESSING"?

"Duridium-processing" is exclusive to Star. It means among other things that during the hardening Star blades are kept at precision temperature by means of *electronic control.* That is why Star double-edge blades give a cleaner, smoother shave and last nearly twice as long.

REMEMBER. Shave lightly for the first few shaves. Star double-edge blades are sharper than you've been used to — as sharp as science and the finest quality surgical steel can make them.

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Shave with a Star blade — then rub your finger-tips across your face "*against the grain*". That will prove that Star blades shave *cleaner.*

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MAKE THIS £750 AND IDEAL KITCHEN *YOURS!*

THE magic of a few well-chosen words has already made dreams come true for two women readers—Miss E. Richardson (left), 18 Langley Road, Spondon, Derby, and Mrs. D. Blythe (right), 64 Poitiers Road, Coventry. Each won a £750 fortune for a *Bullet*—and an Ideal Kitchen award. They chose labour-saving blessings such as a constant hot-water supply, a new stainless steel sink, a washing machine, a kitchen cabinet, new curtains, carpets, etc.

With this week's £750 cash for the best *Bullet* received goes JOHN BULL'S Ideal Kitchen award of 1952. Enjoy a half-hour on *Bullets* this evening, for your coupon below can banish all money worries *and* transform your kitchen.

THRILLING 1st PRIZE

£750 CASH PLUS IDEAL KITCHEN

As the winner, you will be privileged to choose up to £100 worth of the latest washing, cooking and other labour-saving aids and improvements. Miss Joan Storey, our Home Equipment expert, will be available to help you plan a truly Ideal Kitchen.

2,099 OTHER PRIZES

£50, £25, £20, £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £3, 30 of £2, 50 of £1, 2,000 "GOOD SHOTS"

FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 19, and in JOHN BULL dated April 26), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

HOLIDAY SURPRISES in next week's JOHN BULL!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Winston And Co.
Man In Battle-dress
Young America
Boon For The Housewife
Experience, The Teacher
Let's Get Weaving And
A Masterpiece
Nice To Go Home To
The Right Sort
Unselfishly
Something Special
After All These Years
Devil's Dance
Took The Initiative
Dad's A Diplomat, So
Obliging Shopkeeper
In Ancient Rome
Growing Pains
Pulverized
At The Press Of A Button

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Nature's .....
Wishing He Were.....
Halfway To.....
Was It.....Or
With A Ha'p'orth Of.....
Made.....See Red

POST ENTRY
"Bullets" 1,827
(or Xword No. 779)
"John Bull,"
Long Acre,
London, W.C.2
(Comp.)

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" **FREE** THIS WEEK ONLY

"Bullets" Winners 1,822

FIRST PRIZE, £500: Mrs. J. M. Harbottle, 82 Beresford Road, North End, Portsmouth: TICKET TO ENTER "ARENA," *And* "FIGHT"—LIFE!

£50: A. Mellor, 48 The Green Kingsley, Stoke-on-Trent: TICKET TO HAPPINESS—THAT "HALF" YOU "SURRENDER."

£25: W. Thomson, 17 Godstone Road, Whyteleafe, Surrey: IN THE CANTEEN—SERVICE WITH A *Smell*!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: J. H. Alves, 17 Scarsdale Road, Victoria Park, Manchester: IN THE YEARS AHEAD—"TEST," KEEPING BOMB *Unexploded*. £9: H. L. Smith, 10 Heron-dale Road, Liverpool: IN THE YEARS AHEAD — MARTIANS DEFEATED — AT *Wembley*? £8: V. Rose, 14 Kelvin Court, Woodlands Grove, Isleworth: BURDEN OF ARMAMENTS—EXHAUSTING VICTORS—REVIVING VANQUISHED? £7: G. M. Norman, 68 Grange Road, Sutton, Surrey: AMERICA'S GOLD—"PALES" BESIDE WORLD'S *Uranium*. £6: H. Lowe, 41 Carleton Avenue, Layton, Blackpool: HOLDING THE CHOIR—*Back*, DAD'S "ONWARD, CHRISTIAN—" £5: E. Haley, 3 Bard Road, London, W.10: HOLDING THE TEST—WHERE ABORIGINE THREW *Boomerang*! £5: A. Holyoak, 66 Sussex Road, Coventry: HOLDING THE CARDS—THEN DISCLOSING "IDENTITY," GERMANS?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 ROASTING FOWLS

—one with each Runner-up

Award value 10s. or over

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

Across Clues XWORD 779

1. It's quite possible for a man to disguise his feelings when he does this
4. This of wealthy man might prove an asset to struggling painter
5. One breaks fairly easily
7. May well be bitter
9. It takes some pluck, at least, to take harsh criticism of oneself as this
12. May eventually extinguish what fire there is
13. It's distressing to hear young married couple declare they've no
14. Lack of this is sometimes put down to lack of courage

Down Clues

1. Show of these is likely to deter burglars
2. Address it accurately if you wish it to go to the right place
3. Sudden this may well have a disconcerting effect upon the enemy
6. They can prove really intoxicating
8. Dick Turpin asked for it
10. Average person, in one sense, regards as evil
11. Swindler of public isn't likely to let people know his real one

XWORD 774 RESULT

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 1, Ruse. 3, Bawl. 6, Sinner. 9, Race. 12, Villa. 13, Male. 14, Bike or Hike. DOWN: 2, Signs. 3, Bets. 4, Limb. 5, Tact. 7, Duets. 8, Hall. 10, Bard. 11, Wile.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: J. G. Morley, 26 Richmond Crescent, Highams Park, London, E.4.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 58 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

Continued from page 12

view to personal benefit only. Although you will gain that, you should carry out your investigations and experiments mainly from the point of view of the good you can do for others as a result."

He added that spiritual healing groups offered one of the finest methods of being of service to other people. If anything, this appealed to me most, since the service of healing seemed the most disinterested part of the whole business, and I had always had a prejudice against professional mediums, associating their activities with charlatanism and fortune telling.

I was, indeed, highly suspicious and sceptical of everything.

Nevertheless, Lord Dowding impressed me. I knew him as one of the greatest men of our generation, the R.A.F. leader of the Battle of Britain, and therefore listened to him with respect even when my mind refused to accept many of the things he told me with such certainty and conviction.

Visit To A "Circle"

Dowding gave me the address of a spiritualist association in London and I called to see the secretary. I purposely told him nothing about myself and he made no attempt to "pump" me. He was evidently satisfied as to my sincerity and agreed to accept me as a member of one of their weekly "circles," which it was arranged I would first attend as an unnamed visitor.

I had no idea at all what to expect.

On the evening of my first visit to the "circle," at the headquarters of the association, I was shown into a small room in the building. It was about the size of an ordinary sitting-room. When I arrived, a group of fifteen men and women were sitting in chairs gathered round the fire. They were chatting of everyday affairs. One man was talking about some business matters with two friends. In another corner they were discussing the inevitable subject of every British gathering of two or more people—the weather! No one seemed to be talking spiritualism at all.

I was introduced simply as a visitor. No one asked me any questions about myself. No one even asked my name, and as Dowding had not told the association anything—except that he vouched for me—I realized that they could not know about my professional or personal affairs, or my recent loss.

Prayers And A Hymn

As was the case at nearly all the "circles" I later attended, this one opened with everybody reciting the Lord's Prayer, in the spiritualists' revised version (the words "Lead us not into temptation" being replaced by "Leave us not when in temptation"). After that a verse was sung of one of the hymns from their own hymn book, followed by what is known as the healing hymn:

Gracious Spirit, of Thy goodness,
Hear our anxious prayer,
Take our loved ones who are suffering,
'Neath Thy tender care.

Members of the "circle" gave the names of friends and relatives who were in need of healing, mentioning their ailments, and for some time we all sat in silence, having been asked to concentrate our healing thoughts upon these people. This was followed by a prayer by the medium, Mrs. Nan Mackenzie. It was quite a short one, asking that "the marvels of the Divine healing rays" might be brought to the sick.

Then the medium went under control. Her eyes closed and she began to sway very slightly in her chair. I watched her closely and she showed

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Valerie Hobson when a child. Her husband is Anthony Havelock-Allan, the film producer.

EXAMPLE ..... **FREE**
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With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated April 12. If requiring single copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

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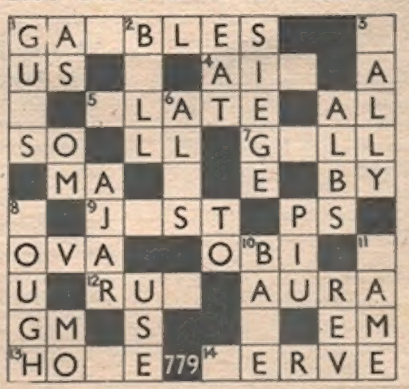

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Puzzle and form strictly copyright **779** Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 31

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 12

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

every sign of complete unconsciousness, except that her breathing became much heavier.

After a few minutes her lips moved and a very deep voice, quite unlike her own, exclaimed: "Greetings."

Everyone replied: "Greetings, Running Water."

I asked afterwards what "Running Water" meant, and learned that Nan Mackenzie's special "spirit guide" was known by this strange name. They told me that he had died or "passed over," as the spiritualists say, many hundreds of years ago, and was now working as a teacher both of those on the "other side," and of all the people he could reach on this earth through a medium like Mrs. Mackenzie.

It took me a long while to understand this business, which at first seemed so odd and unlikely. "Why do we have to have spirit guides?" I wanted to know. It was explained to me that, according to the spiritualist belief, everyone has a "guide" who influences his actions on earth. A writer like myself will have a guide who is perhaps also a writer, and whose task it is to inspire and literally guide the living soul on earth for whom he is responsible.

"Why is Mrs. Mackenzie's guide called 'Running Water'?" I then asked. The answer was: "Because he was a North American Indian while on earth." Later, I learned that a number of spirit guides are of that race and was told that some of the Indians were so highly evolved, in a spiritual sense, that they have been chosen to give help and guidance to people in their earth-life in this way.

Described My Wife

Towards the end of the "circle," the medium turned to me and said that "a little lady" had been standing behind my chair and had placed her hands on my shoulders. Had I felt her?

"No," I replied, slightly taken aback. "Can you describe her?"

The medium then gave me a completely accurate description of my wife, mentioning her brown eyes and dark brown hair, bright colour, very small feet, favourite blue frock and single-string necklace.

"She has been telling me about a gold ring and a small photograph," the medium added. "Can you identify them?" I certainly could, for I was carrying in one pocket my wife's wedding ring and in another a favourite snapshot of her.

I left that meeting with mixed feelings. Was there some foundation of truth in all this? As I went to bed that night I felt oddly uplifted and almost convinced, in a vague sort of way, that there might be "something in it" after all. Also I felt—not happy of course—but more *normal* than I had done since Marjorie left me. But in the morning I awoke completely disillusioned.

Simple Explanation?

Against my own wishful thinking, I argued that the previous night's experiences could quite easily have a simple explanation.

It seemed to me that an expert clairvoyant would be able to "see" the image of my wife that I carried so vividly and continuously in my mind. I even decided that her clairvoyance could enable her eyes to X-ray my pockets and divine what was in them.

I was so determined to accept nothing without absolute proof that I was able to argue the whole thing away without any difficulty.

But there remained the shadow of a doubt; the feeling that perhaps there was more in it than I was willing to admit at this stage. The medium had appealed to me as a woman of high principles and warm sympathy, and I had learned of her lifelong experience of psychic work.

I decided to ask her for a private sitting, which would either confirm that there was indeed "something in it," or that I was right in rejecting the whole business.

NEXT WEEK: What occurred at my first private sitting with a medium

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

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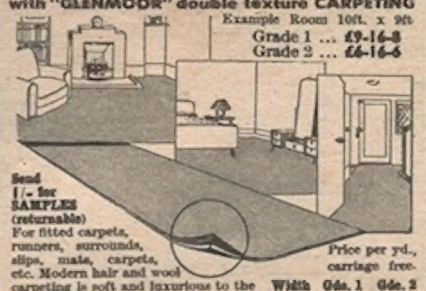

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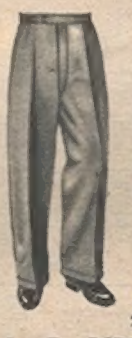

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